

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## LIMITATION.

WHY, on this splendid morn  
Of May, when Earth new-born  
Laughs, girl-like, in the thought that she is  
fair,  
Can hearts that would be glad  
Catch a suggestion sad,  
And feel Spring's very rapture their despair?

Hyacinth, anemone,  
Trust themselves forth; the bee  
Hums where the gorse has lit the waste with  
gold;  
Swift through the woodlands sent  
The infectious merriment  
Breaks in one frolic of green — yet we are  
cold!

Cold — nay! yet this our joy  
Confesses the alloy  
Of words whose weakness wrongs the o'er-  
flowing sense:  
While, hark! what mad delight  
Throbs from each feathered mite!  
Voice limits not their ecstasy intense.

We summon to our aid  
Music, delightful maid!  
Store of sweet birdlike melodies has she:  
Again and yet again  
We trace the favorite strain —  
A something is not there, and shall not be.

So, in the painter's eye  
Sweeps past triumphantly  
The pomp of Summer — Autumn sunsets  
stain  
The evening's cloudy tent  
With dyes magnificent:  
He feels, but labors after them in vain.

Ah! Nature knows a song  
Uttered without a tongue,  
An eloquent magic she has never told:  
The landscape hath a hue  
Arts will admire, pursue,  
Hint, herald, almost capture — yet withhold.

Nature, divinely wise,  
Weaves into harmonies  
Her untold infinite wealth of tint and tone;  
In her most social mood  
She kens a solitude,  
And issues from her myriad birth-throes, one.

But man, self-conscious man,  
Agonize as he can,  
Leaves his creation marred by many a blot;  
And, spite of utmost thrift,  
Offers the heart no gift  
Like hers, who scatters and considers not.

What music is in him  
That with bleared eyes and dim  
Gropes in some dust-heap till his days be  
spent?  
Who loves not his own kind,  
How shall his utterance find  
Accord with the vast universe' consent?

Hence if, perplexed and weak,  
His faltering spirit seek  
In art the solace of his toils or fears,  
On all her shows are set  
Marks of a mute regret,  
And her most signal triumphs fraught with  
tears.

Then break the rebel string,  
Away the chisel fling,  
And hide the joyless canvas from the day!  
Forego the halting line,  
Silence the hint divine,  
And let the spirit slumber into clay!

Patience! — the ideal form,  
The landscape lustrous, warm,  
The dome of Heaven's own building, rise ere  
long!  
In Music shall be found  
The plenitude of sound,  
And on these murmuring lips joy's perfect  
song!

Temple Bar.

R. WARWICK BOND.

## JUNE.

If June would stay, and pour her faery  
weather  
On heads made hopeless by the fraud of May,  
We should not fear July with scorching ray,  
Nor glow of August on the thirsty heather,  
September with his ever-dwindling day,  
Or chill October's presage of decay;  
November moulting an ensanguined feather,  
Nor Winter wearing us with dull delay —  
If June would stay —  
Between the upper mill-stone and the nether;  
But no! In spite of all that man can say,  
Our bliss has only thirty days for tether.  
Joy go with June, when June is gone away;  
Would she could wait till we might go to-  
gether,  
If June would stay!

Academy.

H. G. KEENE.

## MY MAY-QUEEN.

(Ætæt 4.)

COME, child, that I may make  
A primrose wreath to crown thee queen  
of Spring!  
Of thee the glad birds sing;  
For thee small flowers fling  
Their lives abroad; for thee — for Doro-  
thea's sake!

Hasten! For I must pay  
Due homage to thee, have thy royal kiss,  
Our thrush shall sing of this;  
In many a bout of bliss  
Tell how I crown'd thee queen, Spring's  
queen, this glad May day.

JOHN JERVIS BERESFORD, M.A.

Argosy.

From The Contemporary Review.  
ITALY AND FRANCE.

READING the article in the *Contemporary Review* entitled "The Savoy Dynasty, the Pope, and the Republic," I was long in doubt whether the author deserved the trouble of a reply. His object is to misrepresent the Italian government, painting it as hostile to France, panting for a war with its neighbor, desiring its destruction. To attain this end, King Humbert, according to the author, had formed the alliance with the two central empires, and his ministers had increased the national armaments to the point of exhaustion of the forces of Italy, provoked disputes, and endangered the peace of Europe.

If peace was preserved, it was, on this hypothesis, due to the patience of the government of the republic, which, to prove its good intentions, invited the nations to a rivalry in industry. But this idyll did not suffice to the author of the article, who, after having told in his way the story of Italy for the last thirty years, and offered advice which no one had asked him for, ended by threatening the Italians with defeat in case of a war with France; with the consequences of the fall of the dynasty and the establishment of a Federal Republic in the peninsula. Thus would be fulfilled two prophecies—one of Mazzini, who predicted that Francesco Crispi would be the last minister of the monarchy, and the other of Terenzio Mamiani, who said that in Rome there could only be room for the pope or for Cola di Rienzi.

It pains me that these extravagances can be circulated in England in a Liberal journal, and that the Liberal party in England, which so largely aided Italy, morally and materially, during the life of Mazzini, should now, through a mistaken propaganda of democracy, become associated with the enemies of Italian unity. In Italy no one thinks of making war on France, and the ministers of King Humbert, including Signor Crispi, have never desired other than friendly relations between the two sister nations. The treaty of alliance with Austria and Germany was concluded for the sole purpose of defence, after Italy was menaced, both on the Med-

iterranean and on the Alps, through her isolation. No imputation can lie against Italy of having broken the commercial relations with France, but, rather, this is chargeable to France, who believed that by a war of tariffs she could weaken an enemy whom sooner or later she must meet in arms. At Friedrichsruhe no conditions were added to the treaty of the Triple Alliance, and it is false to say that in the retirement of the prince-chancellor projects of how to make war on France were concocted. The facts prove the contrary, in that the peace was kept during the four years that I was in power. Everybody knows that the treaty of navigation and commerce between the two governments, negotiated and signed by the minister, Rouvier, ratified by King Humbert, and approved by the Italian Parliament, was rejected by the French Parliament; and the commercial negotiations conducted at Rome, from the 31st of December, 1887, to the 2nd of February, 1888, were broken off under futile pretexts. I can guarantee the truth of the statement that the senator Teisserenc de Bort, taking leave of one of the Italian delegates, had the frankness to say that there was no ground to hope for the conclusion of a treaty between France and Italy so long as the latter belonged to the Triple Alliance. And later occurrences have given further proofs of the intentions of the French government. It is now three months since I left the ministry of foreign affairs, and my successor has not been more fortunate than myself with the government of the republic. They say that the French ambassador, Billot, before leaving Rome, declared to the Marquis di Rudini that Italy would obtain nothing from France until she was freed from all relations to the central powers. Will the Italian minister accept the counsel that the French ambassador has given? That is the question.

I do not believe in the Latin Union, as I do not believe in the consanguinity of the races which have been improperly called Latin, and which retain of the antique only the language used in the churches. Certainly it would be desirable

that between those countries a union should be formed in the interest of civilization and progress. But in order that the dream should become reality it would be necessary that France should forget the story of her kings, and put aside all ambition, even of a moral dominion over the people of the two adjoining peninsulas. It would be necessary that she should treat these nations as her equals, and that she should renounce any domination in the Mediterranean or on the Continent. The France of '89 gave hope of this, but the governments which followed forgot the principles of the great Revolution, and the peoples that believed in the proclamation of liberty and rejoiced in it were left to their delusions.

A little history, but true history—not the fallacious and treacherous history of the author of the article, "The Savoy Dynasty, the Pope, and the Republic"—will be useful.

The space which this article permits would not suffice to tell fully the history of the violence done to Italy by France from Charlemagne to Napoleon III., but since the events which took place under the last emperor are set forth in a way to induce the belief that Italy owes her unity to France, I limit myself to the historical period between 1859 and 1870. The war of 1859 was for Napoleon a matter of business, and not a generous undertaking for the national redemption of Italy. At Plombières it was agreed that the war should be undertaken for the liberation of Italy "from the Alps to the Adriatic," France receiving as her compensation Savoy and Nice, and fifty millions of francs for the expenses of the war. Mazzini, who was opposed to the Franco-Sardinian alliance, from which he foresaw for the peninsula a new slavery in the substitution of the Napoleonic for the Austrian influence, exposed the bargain, and prophesied that the war would only have dynastic objects, and that it would be stopped half-way as soon as it should be convenient and agreeable. This appeared in an article signed by the great patriot in a London journal, in September, 1858. And that Italian unity could not be the purpose of that war had been revealed by the in-

trigues of the agent of Napoleon, who labored to give the throne of Naples to a Murat, and that of Tuscany to Prince Jerome Napoleon. The notion could not find approval with the great powers, who could not permit the reconstruction in the peninsula of the order overthrown in 1815. England could not but look with favor on the liberation of Italy from the princes whose government had been a permanent cause of agitation in Europe. Add to this that the party of action directed by Mazzini worked in opposition to Napoleon's plan of the three monarchies, and for an insurrection with the object of national unity. The war commenced under good auspices, and continued fortunate for the allied arms, when unexpectedly, by the initiative of the emperor and without the knowledge of the king, it was arrested on the 8th of July at Villafranca. For Mazzini and the party of action this was a victory, but it was a defeat for Cavour, who resigned his portfolio in indignation. Napoleon, who after the victories had entered Milan amidst the exultation of the population, left Italy almost like a fugitive. Mazzini, moved, but not surprised, by the proclamation of peace, wrote as follows:—

The delusion is dissipated faster even than we anticipated. All our predictions are in one respect fulfilled; peace at the Mincio and the abandonment of Venice were foretold by us even before the war, when we revealed, without being listened to, the plots arranged at Plombières. Only, the French usurper has exceeded our anticipations; the proposals which, according to the conferences of Plombières, were to be accepted if offered after the first battles by Austria, came from Louis Napoleon. The infamous bargain was proposed by him, and to desertion and treason the despot, caressed, saluted as Liberator, blessed by a deluded people—good and ready to wipe out every record under the impression of a loyal gratitude for the benefactions solemnly promised—was ready to add insult.

We all know the rascally way in which peace was announced to Victor Emmanuel. Napoleon, posing as master rather than as ally, telegraphed the king: "Peace is concluded between the emperor of Austria and me." The substantial agreement had been that Italy should have a federation of



princes, with Pius IX. as president. Not only did Austria still keep her footing in the peninsula as a member of the Confederation, but France, as the guardian of the pope, would continue to exercise her dominion. Italy was already condemned to a perpetual helplessness; besides the weakness of the Confederation, she would have the two foreign influences eating away the strength of the nation.

Napoleon III. did not know the strength of the party of action, and confided too much in the Piedmontese government, the influence of which was already shaken by the diplomatic failure of the war of 1859 and the withdrawal of Cavour from the ministry. The insurrections which had disturbed Italy from 1853 to 1858, if they were easily put down, had been nevertheless of great moral fecundity, the example of the martyrs to their country having strengthened in the hearts of the Italians the sentiment of national unity. Still, Piedmont, after Villafranca, could not combat, and indeed had no interest in combatting, the movement for the unification of Italy. On the announcement of peace, a network of conspirators, coming directly from London, covered the peninsula. Mazzini took up his headquarters at Florence, and his friends overran the southern and central provinces of Italy working against every attempt at local autonomy. The word was given to incite the people to ask for annexation to Piedmont as the means to the end of the constitution of Italy as a united State. The party of action contended with powerful enemies, but never flagged. Fortunately Austria had been defeated, and could not take up arms in the interest of the proposed Confederation; France could not take the field against the Italy which she had declared her intention of liberating; the other princes were impotent, and never dreamed of combining for action; and the party of action remained the only one which had a concerted plan and the means of operating, having also the assistance of all the moderates who desired the greatness of Italy. And amongst these justice demands the recording of the names of Bettino Ricasoli and Carlo Luigi Farini.

Napoleon opposed the annexations, and with menaces and flatteries hindered Victor Emmanuel from accepting the declarations of union made by Tuscany and Emilia; but when we saw that his efforts were futile, he demanded compensation, and received it. This was a proof of his dishonesty, and, I should say, of his claim to rule as well. He insisted on the cession of Nice and Savoy to France, though, having failed in the fulfilment of his part of the agreement, he had no right to them. The treaty of Plombières, substantially nullified at Villafranca, was renewed at Turin on March 24, 1860, and Cavour, returned to the ministry, was induced to yield, though he might have held out, having the support of England and Prussia. And this was not the utmost of the emperor's injustice to the new life of a people who asked nothing of others but to be allowed to live. Later came the expedition of the Thousand, and Louis Napoleon, who could not get Naples for his cousin Murat, became protector of the Bourbons, and urged an alliance between Francis II. and Victor Emmanuel, an alliance which events made impossible. And when Garibaldi, victorious from Marsala to Milazzo, prepared to pass the Straits, the emperor declared that he would prevent him, but his infernal propositions were opposed by England, who demanded and secured, for Italian affairs, the principle of non-intervention.

Fortune overruled the enemies of Italian unity, and Bonaparte, not being able to save the throne of Charles III., collected all his resources to preserve the patrimony of St. Peter, and succeeded. At Chambéry it was agreed that the Sardinian army should cross the Tronto to prevent Garibaldi and his volunteers from occupying Rome. The proclamation of the kingdom of Italy, without its natural capital and the Venetian provinces, showed that Napoleon had no other intention than to keep it in a state of impotence. The frontiers open, the heart of the nation occupied by a foreign garrison, the new king had no weight in Europe, and must ask the permission of Paris to move. Then came the fratricide of Aspromonte, and, apprehending that a new

popular movement might be directed against the pope, Bonaparte imposed the Convention of September 15, 1864, by which Florence was chosen as the capital of the new kingdom, and the Italian government recognized the territory of the pope and assumed the obligation of defending it against every attack from without. It was a declaration of civil war which was imposed on Italy. And three years later this would have happened, when Garibaldi with his volunteers invaded the Roman provinces, if at Florence, at the head of the government, there had not been a true heart. Urban Rattazzi had had too much of Aspromonte, and refused to repeat the tragedy which was dictated to him from Paris, and so Bonaparte was obliged to send an army, under the command of General de Failly, who had the glory of reporting that his *chasse-pôts* had done wonders at Mentana against the Italian volunteers.

The study of papal affairs has carried us beyond the record, and we must go back a little to recall another humiliation inflicted on Italy. Bonaparte, not having been able to prevent the king of Italy from forming the alliance with the king of Prussia for the war against Austria, proposed to control his military movements, and succeeded. In a plan of operations communicated by Herr Usedom, Prussian minister at Florence, it was arranged that the Italian army on one side and the Prussian on the other, passing by the hostile fortresses, should move from opposite directions towards the Danube, having for their objective Vienna. Napoleon dissuaded the ministry at Florence from the execution of this plan, promising that, whatever might be the issue of the war, Venice should be ceded to Italy. This was the reason of the incredible movement on the Quadrilateral, with the result of Custoza. In that battle scarcely one-third of the Italian army was in action; the remainder, two hundred thousand men, did not move. Prussia, moving from victory to victory, triumphed at Sadowa, and if the Italian government had followed the plans of its ally, it would have been able without difficulty to occupy Vienna. In order to recall the troops from Italy so as to reinforce the Army of the North, Francis Joseph ceded Venice to Napoleon III., and charged him with a mediation. The *Moniteur* of the 4th of July published the news, which was telegraphed to Victor Emmanuel. General La Marmora was indignant, and begged Count Nigra to

spare Italy this disgrace. This is the despatch:—

Empereur a télégraphié au Roi que l'Autriche lui cède la Vénétie. La chose est d'autant plus grave, qu'elle est publiée dans le *Moniteur*. Je comprends que l'Empereur cherche à arrêter la Prusse, mais c'est extrêmement douloureux qu'il le fasse au détriment de l'Italie. Recevoir la Vénétie en cadeau de la France est humiliant pour nous, et tout le monde croira que nous avons trahi la Prusse. On ne pourra plus gouverner l'Italie; l'armée n'aura plus de prestige. Tâchez de nous épargner la dure alternative d'une humiliation insupportable, ou de nous brouiller avec la France.

The humiliation was not withheld; and at Berlin the thing was remembered, not to the injury of Italy, but to that of the party whose chiefs then ruled affairs at Florence. I heard Prince Bismarck one evening reproach them with it, glad that the government of Italy had passed into other hands. After July 4, 1866, the Austrians began to evacuate the Venetian provinces, and on the eighth, Archduke Albert, who was also able to leave Italy, took the supreme command of the army of the North. But neither was he fortunate, and the Prussians, victors on the 26th, imposed at Nicolsburg the treaty by which Austria agreed to quit the German confederation. For Italy the sacrifice was complete, and Garibaldi, who had occupied a good part of the Tyrol, and Medici, who was a few miles from Trent, were ordered by telegraph to retreat; a few days after General Lebœuf, in the name and by orders of Napoleon III., handed over Venice to the commissioner of the king. Four years later, almost at the same date, Napoleon was conquered at Sedan, and only through this was Italy enabled to occupy her capital.

Certainly this brief story will suffice to show that Napoleon III. was the most rancorous enemy of Italian unity, and that it was against his will that Italy became a State. Nevertheless, to the demonstration of facts let us add the confirmation of official documents. The Minister Thouvenel, on the 12th of July, 1861, wrote, by order of his master, to the ambassadors of Austria and Spain these words: "We have seen with pain that the stipulations of Villafranca and of Zürich have not been fully executed, and it was our desire that the kingdom of the two Sicilies should not be overthrown." And on the 15th of April, 1865, during the discussion of the Convention of September in the

Chamber of Deputies, the Minister Rouher said :—

When Naples was attacked, when the Marches and Umbria were invaded, the French Government was profoundly disturbed. It could not then, perhaps, speak with more force, but it hoped that a reconciliation was still possible. If in effect the revolutionary element had combined with the national movement, the separation was effected at Aspromonte. Let Italy study her internal reorganization and the reform of her legislation, but not cast her looks imprudently on the few square leagues and the population of six hundred thousand souls, or she will run into a great danger. If she does not wish to put herself in an uncertain and precarious situation, let her not think of Rome; if she wishes to avoid the beginnings of dissolution and of death, let her not think of Rome; if she wishes to avoid frightful conflicts, let her not think of Rome. These are not words of menace, but warnings of friendship and sympathy.

It was, however, a menace—and Mentana proved it. The same minister, on the 5th of December, 1867, after having pleaded the cause of the pope, concluded his speech with these sentences, which confirm his hostile feeling towards the Italian people :—

We are confronted by this dilemma: the Pope must have Rome; and the Italians cannot do without it. We declare that Italy shall never become mistress of Rome. Never will France support such a violence done to her honor and her Catholicism. She will demand of Italy the rigorous and energetic execution of the Convention of September, otherwise she will provide by her own means. Is this clear?

These words, often interrupted by the unanimous applause of the Chamber, were the echo of the public opinion of France. But beside this, if other evidence were necessary, there are two diplomatic transactions which it is worth while to recall. After Mentana, Napoleon III. desired to place the temporal power under a European guarantee. He proposed an international treaty to make the conquest of her capital forever impossible to Italy; and the infamous project would have succeeded if London and Berlin had not opposed it. In 1868 an alliance between Austria, France, and Italy was proposed. The negotiation, broken off and resumed, had no result, owing to the unwillingness of Napoleon. Beust proposed as the basis of the alliance that France should evacuate Rome. At the Tuileries clerical influences prevailed, and the treaty was not concluded; and France in 1870 was

alone in her war with Germany. When Napoleon was on the verge of his destruction, he found no ally. Princes and nations have their expiations, and the expedition of Rome in 1849, renewed by Aspromonte, the days of Turin, and Mentana, was punished at Sedan.

This being the work of Napoleon III., how can France pretend that the unity of Italy was due to her? France, become a republic, had but one duty—to make the world forget the faults of the empire. She did not know how to do it; she even followed its methods and its vices. The kingdom of Italy is what it is—on the Alps it has no frontier; its shores are defenceless owing to the long stretch of sea-coast; in the capital there is the pope, who claims the reconstruction of the temporal power, constantly conspiring for the cancellation of his disasters. In this state of things Italy cannot remain isolated. She must hinder the reconstitution of the league of Catholic powers for the defence of the Vatican, and provide that, if all her frontiers cannot be made secure, at least by the aid of suitable alliances they may be in part protected. The isolation of Italy at Berlin in 1878 was an injury to her because her rivals came away strengthened in the Adriatic and the Mediterranean. In 1881 France occupied Tunis, and Austria, complaining of the agitations of the Irredentists against her integrity, threatened to re-occupy the Quadrilateral. Bismarck made peace with the pope, and sent Schloezer as minister of Prussia to the Holy See. Was Italy better regarded in France? Let the persecution of Italians in Marseilles and other cities of the republic, let the savage attacks of the journals and meetings on everything that was most sacred to a people whom in irony they called kindred, give the reply! It became necessary to come to a decision, and no longer remain idle and impassive in the midst of the dangers that appeared on every side. The words of the prince-chancellor, spoken in August of 1869 to a diplomat, cannot be forgotten. He said: "Austria, with a few battalions, would be able to bring the Italian conspirators to reason." It was then that the Minister Mancini demanded, and after long negotiations obtained, in February, 1882, the admission of Italy into the alliance of the two empires. The treaty, renewed in 1887 by Count di Robilant, is purely defensive, and nothing has since been done to change its meaning. To prove this it is enough to say that for nine years peace has been

maintained in Europe, and it is a malicious falsehood that the Italian government has raised difficulties in order to bring about a war. At Florence, at Massowah, at Tunis, the controversies between the two governments were due to the imprudence of French functionaries, and the government at Rome had the audacity to defend itself with an energy to which the government at Paris was not accustomed, having up to 1887 been habituated to find Italy disposed to concessions and deference before demands, even unjust demands, coming from Paris. I do not know what the Marquis di Rudini may do in 1892; but I wish to ask one question. It is this: What has France done to convince Italy that a separation from the central powers would be useful to her? Up to this day goes on the war of tariffs which France began in 1885 against Italy; and Cardinal Lavigerie continues to flatter the Vatican that sooner or later, with the republic, the pope will resume his civil power. Hostile demonstrations are certainly not the means by which harmony is shown or brotherhood proved.

It has been said that Italy, before the alliance with the two empires, was in a prosperous condition, and that now she is in misery from the increase of taxation, the consequence of the increased armaments. The errors of the author of the article to which I am replying are as many as his ideas. To prove the financial progress of Italy, and that it is a mistake to suppose that it has gone backward since 1882, let us examine and institute a comparison between the conditions of the peninsula in 1860 — *i.e.*, the year in which its unification began — and those of today. Ports, roads, telegraphs, railways, army, navy, all were wanting to the young nation, and had all to be provided; hence it is that, studying the budgets of the thirty years of its national life, we see the steady increase in its income and expenditure as in all the European States.

I do not know whether the author of the article has travelled in Italy, or whether he follows the French novel-writers, who, after their manner, write romances, and not history, when they write about foreign countries. It is certain that, if the author had visited the agricultural sections as well as the great cities of the peninsula, he would have formed more serious opinions, and not have repeated the nonsense about the Agro Romano current twenty years ago, before Rome became the capital of Italy. It is worth while, then, to

recall certain data which show the financial progress of the new Italy. In 1861, the year of the constitution of the kingdom, there were twenty-five hundred and sixty-one kilometres of railway; in 1890 there were fifteen thousand six hundred, and they had cost 2,946,785,894 lire. By the laws of 1881 and 1885 public works to the amount of about three milliards were decreed. For other public works in 1862 there were provided in the budget 18,771,914 lire. These appropriations were increased from year to year, until in the budget of 1890-91 they reached the sum of 39,170,676 lire. From the actual outlay, as stated in the returns, it is shown that from 1862 to 1891 there were expended in this direction eight hundred and ten millions. Since the riches of a country are in the measure of its production, we may affirm that, according to the tariff of 1887, manufactures, especially the textile, have made progress; nor are the conditions of agricultural industry different, though since 1884 the landlords have complained of a crisis which affects all Europe. The production of cereals rose from 71,303,000 hectolitres in 1862 to 86,325,000 in 1889, and the production of wine, one of the principal exports of Italy, which in 1862 was 24,003,000 hectolitres, in 1890 was 36,760,000. Another indication not less significant of the prosperity of the country is its sanitary condition. The mortality in 1866 was thirty per one thousand, but had fallen in 1887 to twenty-seven, and in 1888 to twenty-five.

Much has been said of the injury to Italy resulting from the rupture of the commercial relations with France. The fact is that both countries suffer. From calculations made by a French Chamber of Commerce in Milan it appears that the losses of France have been about two hundred millions of francs, while Italy is slowly recouping from other countries what she loses from France. Italian exports to France, which were in 1887, the last year of the treaty, four hundred and four millions, fell the year after to one hundred and seventy, and in 1889 to one hundred and sixty-five. There was, on the other hand, an increase with other States, and to them the exports rose from five hundred and ninety-seven millions to seven hundred and eighty-five. Similar proportions are observed in the imports from France into Italy. In 1887 these amounted to three hundred and twenty-six millions, in 1888 they fell to one hundred and fifty-five, and in 1889 rose again to one hundred and sixty-seven. The returns

in the imports from other countries show a slower increase, for they rose from ten hundred and nineteen millions to twelve hundred and twenty-three; but this is not a cause of grief, for it is evident that a people receiving less from abroad has fewer needs, and can, from its own resources, supply the necessities of its existence. However, the conclusion is this: While the exports from Italy into France fell in the proportion of one hundred to thirty-seven, they increased in respect to other countries from one hundred to one hundred and thirty-five, from which we gather that the losses did not exceed twenty-eight per one hundred. The losses of France were more serious, for her exports to Italy fell from one hundred to fifty-four. It is useless, therefore, to proclaim to the four winds that, Italy having by her political management broken off her commercial relations with her neighbors, the Triple Alliance is the cause of all her troubles.

It is, moreover, untrue that since 1881, in consequence of the treaty of alliance with the two empires, the taxes have been increased in Italy on account of the increased armaments. This is a subject easy to demonstrate, and I shall not have great difficulty in showing that in that also the author of the article is mistaken. During the last nine years no new tax has been imposed by the Italian Parliament; some have been suppressed; the grist tax and that on the smaller incomes in the tax on personal property, and two-tenths of the war increase on the real estate tax; and the price of salt has been reduced. These were certainly imprudences, for the income of the State lost by them more than one hundred and forty-five millions a year. It is true that it was hoped to obtain compensation for them by custom-house taxes; the calculations were inaccurate, and we found the income decreasing. We must believe that the writer of the article referred to has never studied the budget of Italy, for he errs not only in his reasoning but in his figures. Let us rectify the one and the other. According to the statements of expenses approved by Parliament, the expenditure in 1881 was 1,467,648,225 lire, and in 1889-90, 1,879,636,028 lire. There was, then, an increase of 411,987,803 lire, but this was not only on account of the military expenses, but for public works, railways included. From official statistics it appears that of the sums inscribed for the extraordinary expenses in the general budget of the State, a third was devoted to works of public utility. We read in the

book referred to that in the ten years from 1877 to 1887, out of a sum of 1,273,200,876 lire there were spent on public works, harbors, roads, etc., 452,317,294 lire; and that for railways, while in 1877 the expenditure was 57,644,652 lire, in the year 1888-89 it was 235,784,102 lire. These figures prove satisfactorily my assertions.

It is clear, then, that these expenditures being all of an economical character, the treaty of alliance had nothing to do with them, and that the increase of expenditure in the budget would have happened without it; from which we see that there is no reason to despond, for the Italian people do not lack the means to supply the needs of the State. They need the man who will know how to apply the resources which the country offers, and who, above all, dares to encounter unpopularity and conquer popular prejudices. I have said above that several imposts have been abolished which gave the government one hundred and forty-five millions a year; and I will add that not all in Italy pay equally in proportion to their means, and that a part of the personal property escapes the researches of the fisc. Our armaments have been purely defensive, and none but an ignorant man or a mendacious one could say the contrary.

The kingdom of Italy cannot be unarmed, having on its frontiers two military powers of the first order, and the liberty of the Mediterranean being already compromised. This necessity is evident, nor is it true that its armaments are the result of the alliances with the two empires. Recent history makes them obligatory, and ancient history proves that Italy, being divided and unarmed, was always the field of battle of other nations. Being included in the Triple Alliance, Italy can limit her armaments to those purely necessary for the defence of her territory on one side. On the contrary, if she were alone, if she were obliged to depend only on herself, she must triple her army and fortifications to provide against the dangers which might fall on her from the two frontiers and the coast in case of war. If to-morrow France and Germany should take up arms, Austria could not remain idle, even apart from the treaty of alliance of 1879. It is unquestionable, moreover, that Russia, taking advantage of the general dissension, would move her army towards the Levant, where questions are always open on account of the Bulgarian government not being yet recognized. In such a state of things, it is improbable that Italy could remain neutral, and would



not be obliged to take part; and she might not be able to go where she pleased if she were not well armed. Those who desire to see her unarmed, do so because they wish her weak and helpless, and therefore a prey to her enemies, as she was after the fall of the Roman Empire. There are those who even to-day would see Italy a workshop of artists, a museum of antiquities, but not a nation. But she exists, and the States that are her rivals must tolerate her, even if they have no disposition to love her. Since the constitution of the kingdom, the party of action has by its chiefs in Parliament constantly demanded the organization of the army, the fortification of the frontiers, and the defence of her waters. In 1862 a commission of generals was appointed for this purpose, and only in 1871 did it present its plans, which have not to this day been entirely carried out. The ministries which succeeded each other for sixteen years built and demolished the fortresses on the frontiers, formed and dissolved the army — sometimes from reasons of economy which were not always realized, so that from 1862 to 1886 there were spent four and a half milliards, and Italy still had not a force capable of defending herself efficiently against an attack on the frontier and by sea. It was only in 1882, just before the signature of the treaty of the Triple Alliance, that Parliament gave definite organization to the army; in 1884 it voted the law for the completion of the defences, and in 1885 a considerable credit for armament and fortification.

When the Crispi ministry was formed (August 7, 1887), and for the period during which the fortunes of the nation were entrusted to it, the military expenses were limited to those which had been voted by its predecessors, and even the law of December, 1889, had no other object than to anticipate the amount voted in 1885. To show how absurd are the accusations of having increased the armaments, the facts stated suffice; but to show that the burthens of the Italian taxpayer were not so serious as is stated, I add still a few figures. For the financial year 1888-89 — the year most seriously burthened with military expenditure — the Italian citizen, for the possession of an efficient national defence, paid eighteen lire a year, while in Germany the contribution was twenty for each individual, in Great Britain twenty-one, and in France twenty-five.

It being proved that the Italian government had not nor could have offensive

intentions, and that its armaments were and are the result of a normal organization of the national forces and for purely defensive purposes, all the hypotheses of our accuser are shown to be erroneous, and fall to the ground. I am willing to believe that France will not attack Italy, but if she wishes, let her do so; it would be one of the many errors of which her kings were guilty. The expedition against Rome in 1849 was a blot on the republic, not completely expiated by the *coup d'état* of the 2nd of December. And I can say that Italy will not give the pretext for an aggression, as she gave none for the preceding wars. Calculations are based on the Papacy and on the Radicals; it is thought that both are causes of weakness in the Italian monarchy; the author of the article, indeed, takes them into special account and calculation as auxiliaries in case of war. The Radicals, as a body militant, have no importance. They are few, undisciplined, without a directing intelligence, and without means of action. They are noisy, and therefore, from a distance and to those who do not know them near by, seem a cohort ready to rise and demolish the present state of things; nevertheless, the Radicals in Italy have virtues which their colleagues in other countries do not possess. If Italy were assailed by a foreign army, they would remember that they were Italians, and would fight in defence of their country. They have shown this in all the past; in 1848, in 1859, 1860, and 1866, the soldiers who fought with Garibaldi for the national redemption were Radicals.

The pope, while he was king, had need of a foreign garrison to rule. On the 24th of November, 1848, Pius IX., convinced of his helplessness against the revolution which menaced him, fled to Gaeta, where he asked and obtained asylum from the Bourbon Ferdinand. When, after his continued defeats, Napoleon III. in 1870 had to recall his troops from Rome, the Antibes legion (French soldiers disguised) were left alone to defend him, and, these conquered, Pius IX. found no one in his realm to defend him. The Italian clergy underwent a transformation after September, 1870; their independence in the exercise of their spiritual functions is absolute, and it would be difficult to find its parallel in other Catholic countries. Nevertheless, they have not lost their old ways, which come from their ancient education. In Piedmont the clergy are faithful to the dynasty of Savoy; in Venice, Lombardy, Tuscany, in the kingdom of Naples, and



in Sicily they were never papal, and are not so now. One may count on one's fingers the clerical bishops; and even in Rome one must look amongst the high ecclesiastical functionaries to find partisans of the temporal power. Leo XIII. demands it, desires it, but fears to resume it, and, whenever he discusses it, finishes by saying that if the civil power were restored to him, it would be so difficult to maintain it that he might, if he became king, before long be obliged to ask for the return of the Italian troops.

Italy has good soldiers, says our enemy, and good officers. This is a concession of which we may take note; but he doubts if there is a chief who is capable of directing the soldiers and officers in battle. This may, indeed, be said of France, judging by the proofs she gave in 1870. But in all these doubts there is one thing fairly assured: that, if France attacked Italy, Germany would renew the movement of 1870, and that Austria would be found side by side with King Humbert. England, interested in the Mediterranean, could not be inactive. The game, to say the least, would not be a sure one for the government of the republic, since the great powers would be opposed to it. But here I am willing to admit an absurdity, and to suppose for an instant that England, Austria, Germany, and Italy were defeated by France, defeated by arms and by intrigues. It is a magnificent dream for the *chauvins* to have Europe at their feet, Waterloo and Sedan avenged, the Treaty of Frankfort of 1871 and what remains of that of 1815 wiped out! But the intrigues of France are understood, and that her government has long employed them; they have also often been circumvented. The military side of the affair is more difficult, if I may be permitted to say so. To conquer the three allied powers, France must have at least four millions of soldiers, and she has not got them; she must moreover, to become mistress of the sea, have a fleet superior to that of Great Britain, Austria, Germany, and Italy.

France in the years since 1870 has spent on her army and fleet four milliards, but there is a limit to everything, and her forces are necessarily proportioned to her population. What she has done in the last twenty years is certainly extraordinary, and it has obliged the other governments to increase their armaments as well. The French Parliament has increased its military budget from four hundred and twenty millions to seven hundred and thirty-five, and that of the navy from

one hundred and eighty-two to two hundred and fifty-four; nor was this enough, for in a special budget she appropriated the enormous sum of ten hundred and seventy-three millions; and, as if not satisfied with that, by the laws of June and December, 1888, established for the same purpose a credit of seven hundred and seventy millions. All this is amazing, and proves not only the power of ambition, but that of the patriotism of France. Nevertheless, as the number of soldiers is always in proportion to that of the population, it is necessary to remember that the population of France is less than one-fourth of that of the States of the Triple Alliance.

I have alluded to French intrigues, and I will recall one which proves the insidiousness of the attitude of the government of the republic towards the government of Rome, and at the same time shows the reluctance of Leo XIII. to enter openly into undertakings which might cause him to be accused of being the cause of a war between France and Italy. He fears to alienate the Italian clergy and provoke a schism which would injure Catholicism. Two years ago Count Lefebvre de Behaine was at Paris during the summer, I do not know for what reasons, whether for the usual *congé* or for political motives. He had left Italy after having come to an understanding with certain high functionaries of the Curia, who are the most fanatical advocates of the temporal power. One day, about the beginning of July, M. Baylin de Monbel, the chargé d'affaires of the Embassy of France to the Vatican, went to the pope with a telegram, announcing that it was time to leave, and that in France all was ready. The telegram said, "*Faites vite, car tout est prêt.*" Leo XIII., who prefers the Vatican to an uncertainty, replied that it was necessary to consider, that he must consult the College of Cardinals in a matter of such gravity, and that M. de Monbel must come again in a couple of days. M. de Monbel, who is known in the Roman world as a man of infinite resource, went to the audience appointed, accompanied by the general of the Jesuits. The pope this time opposed the plan, showing his aversion to an act which might turn out otherwise than safe for him. M. de Monbel then proposed a simulation of flight, a trip to a neighboring shore; but this made the pope still more hesitating, and nothing was decided. The French ministry had prepared a dilemma; if the pope succeeded in escaping and

taking refuge in France, the Roman question would revive, obliging the powers to resolve it; if the Italian government hindered the flight of Leo XIII., it would be proved that he was not free in his movements, and the Catholic powers would be obliged to undertake his defence. In the one case or the other, war would be inevitable, and as Italy would have been the cause of it, she could not plead the *casus fœderis*, and would have been left alone against France. The plan failed, but another was attempted, this time easier to detect.

One day there came to Rome one of those people who call themselves agents of the Latin league, who go and come to and from Paris under the pretext of reconciling the two countries. In fact, he was an *agent provocateur*. He had been in the Vosges with Garibaldi, had been an officer of artillery, was freely received in the military workshops of France, and, in consequence, was intimate with certain generals of the republic. He had an interview with a high functionary of the Italian government, to whom he confided as a State secret that an expedition against Italy was already decided on. To put it into effect they waited for an excuse in some question which should be raised. The government of the republic had decided to attack Italy by sea and land; in order to anticipate it, we must reach first the frontier with our army, putting also in movement the entire fleet. Two French divisions were to move, one from Toulon and one from Algiers, for the purpose of destroying one or two of the chief Italian cities with melinite; and seventy thousand troops would cross the frontier on the first sign from Paris. By this information it was hoped to excite the irritable disposition, as they judged it, of the Crispi ministry, which would respond precipitately by hostilities. And as the provocation would have come from Italy, she would have had no right to demand the assistance of the allied powers. The furious Sicilian, as the French journals delight to call him, did not fall into the snare, and did not even communicate the information to his colleagues. The agent returned to Paris, with the conviction that the ministry at Rome had no desire for war.

The Italian Confederation — *i.e.*, weakness — is the object of the desires of French statesmen. It is the plan of Napoleon III.; in 1859 he wanted it with the federation of princes; to-day they desire it through the republic; a great State, a

rival State, they will not tolerate. It is a malady which dates from the time of Louis XIV., and which had got into the blood of Thiers, who reproached the ministers of the empire with having, contrary to the traditional policy of France, permitted the constitution of Germany and Italy.

It is useless to talk of the Confederation. At the Congress of Vienna they would not even discuss the idea of a federation in Italy, though it was proposed. Attempted in 1820 and 1848, it disappeared in defeat. I have shown in the preceding pages how the project arranged between the two emperors was received, and how, in spite of them, Italian unity was effected. The republic would be still less fortunate, no traditions of it existing in any region of Italy. In the spring of 1870 Mazzini attempted a Republican movement; it failed, although his propaganda had penetrated even into the army. It gave rise to the Barsanti incident, and to the band of Joseph Nathan on the mountains above Lake Como — a band which was compelled to disperse by the indifference of the population around, and take refuge in Switzerland. Distrusted on the Continent, Mazzini made an attempt in Sicily, urged by some agitators, who hoped, by the use of the name of the great patriot, to call to arms the population of Palermo. We all know the result: Mazzini, leaving Naples on the 13th of August, was the next morning, on the arrival of the steamer at Palermo, received by the questor and two delegates, and from there sent to Gaeta.

In 1870 there were many reasons for discontent, and especially that the monarchy had not been able to liberate Rome from the government of the priests. Mazzini said that the royal government was helpless before the pope, and that only the people could take possession of their capital. To-day there is not even this motive. The king entered Rome in September, 1870, and remains there. This was an act of the most revolutionary character for a dynasty that holds somewhat from the divine right. The pope, freed from all his grave cares of civil rule, has exercised his high spiritual authority for twenty-one years in absolute independence, blessing and cursing; and this is the greatest proof the royal government can give of toleration towards a pretender, and the best affirmation of the needlessness of the republic, because the supreme pontiff rules freely over the Catholic world.

It is time to conclude, and I conclude, begging those Frenchmen who are gifted

with common sense, those democrats who are animated by good-will, all those who desire the reign of peace in the world, to overrule the politicians by profession, and compel them to cease this newspaper war which they are waging on Italy in the hope of converting it into a war with cannon. Italy wishes to live in tranquillity; she has no jealousies, no envies, no plans of aggression; she has need of peace to reorganize her internal affairs and complete her unity. She has no other ambition than to co-operate with the other nations in the progress of civilization.

And this is my desire.

AN ITALIAN STATESMAN.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE WOMAN IN THE MORGUE.

I.

WHEN Blake Shorland stepped from the steamer *Sauvage* upon the quay at Noumea, he proceeded, with the caution and alertness of the trained newspaper correspondent, to take his bearings. So this was New Caledonia, the home of outcast, criminal France, the recent refuge of Communist exiles, of Rochefort, Louise Michel, Felix Rastoul, and the rest! Over there to the left was Ile Nou, the convict prison; on the hill was the governor's residence; below, the government establishments with their red-tiled roofs; and hidden away in a luxuriance of tropical vegetation lay the houses of the citizens. He strokes his black moustache thoughtfully for a moment, and puts his hand to his pocket to see that his letters of introduction from the French consul at Sydney to Governor Rapont and his journalistic credentials are there. Then he remembers the advice of the captain of the *Sauvage* as to the best hotel, and starts towards it. He has not been shown the way, but his instincts direct him. He knows where it ought to be, according to the configuration of the town.

It proved to be where he thought, and, having engaged rooms, sent for his portmanteau, and refreshed himself, he set out to explore the place. His prudent mind told him that he ought to proceed at once to Governor Rapont and present his letters of commendation, for he was in a country where feeling was running high against English interference with the deportation of French convicts to New Caledonia, and the intention of France to annex the New Hebrides. But he knew

also that so soon as these letters were presented, his freedom of action would be to a certain extent restricted, either by a courtesy which would be so constant as to become a species of surveillance, or by an injunction which would have no such gloss. He had come to study French government in New Caledonia, to gauge the extent of the menace that the convict question bore towards Australia, and to tell his tale to Australia and such other countries as would listen. The task was not altogether pleasant, and had its dangers, too, of a certain kind. But Blake Shorland had had both unpleasantness and peril many times in his life, and he borrowed no trouble. Proceeding along the Rue de l'Alma, and listening to the babble of French voices round him, he suddenly paused in an abstracted way that he had, and said to himself, "Somehow it brings back Paris to me, and that last night there, when I bade Glasham good-bye. Poor old boy! I'm glad better days are coming for him. Sure to be better if he marries Clare. Why *didn't* he do it seven years ago, and save all that other horrible business?"

Then he moved on, noticing that he was the object of attention and remark; but he did not dislike that particularly, and it being day-time and in the street he felt himself quite safe. Glancing up at a doorway he saw a familiar Paris name—the Café Voisin. Interesting, this! It was in the Café Voisin that he had touched a farewell glass with Luke Glasham, the one bosom friend of his life. He entered this Café Voisin with the thought of how vague would be the society which he would meet in such a reproduction of a famous Parisian haunt. He thought of a *café chantant* at Cairo, and said to himself, "It can't be worse than that." He was right. The world has no shambles of ghastly frivolity and debauchery like those of Cairo.

The Café Voisin had many visitors, and Blake Shorland saw at a glance who they were; *libérés*, or ticket-of-leave men, a drunken soldier or two, and a few of that class who with an army are called camp-followers, in an English town roughs, in a French convict settlement *récidivistes*. He felt at once that he had entered upon an unpleasant experience; but he also felt that the luck would be with him, as it had been with him so many times these late years. He sat down at a small table, and called to a haggard waitress near to bring him a cup of coffee. He then saw that there was another female in the room.

Leaning with her elbows on the bar and her chin in her hands, a woman fixed her eyes on him as he opened and made a pretence of reading *La Nouvelle Calédonie*. Looking up, he met her eyes again; there was hatred in them if ever he saw it, or what might be called constitutional *diablerie*. He felt that this woman, whoever she was, had power of an extraordinary kind; too much power for her to be altogether vile, too physically healthy to be of that class to which the girl who handed him his coffee belonged. There was not a sign of gaudiness about her; not a ring, a necklace, or a bracelet. Her dress was of cotton, faintly pink and perfectly clean; her hair was brown, and waving away loosely from her forehead—but her eyes! Was there a touch of insanity there? Perhaps because they were rather deeply set, though large, and because they seemed to glow in the shadows made by the brows, the unnatural intensity was deepened. But Blake Shorland could not get rid of the feeling of active malevolence in them. The mouth was neither small nor sensuous, the chin was strong without being coarse, the figure was not suggestive. The hands,—confound the woman's eyes! Why could he not get rid of the unpleasant feeling they gave him? She suddenly turned her head, not moving her chin from her hands, however, or altering her position, and said something to a man at her elbow,—rather the wreck of a man; one who bore tokens of having been some time the *rot gaillard* of a lawless court; now only a disreputable citizen of a far from reputable French colony.

Immediately a murmur was heard: "A spy, an English spy!" From the mouths of absinthe-drinking *libérés* it passed to the mouths of rum-drinking *récidivistes*. It did not escape Blake Shorland's ears, but he betrayed no sign. He sipped his coffee and appeared absorbed in his paper, thinking, however, carefully of the difficulties of his position. He knew that to rise now and make for the door would be of no advantage, for a number of the excited crowd were between him and it. To show fear might precipitate a catastrophe with this drunken mob. He had nerve and coolness, though by nature he was of sensitive mould, and men had called him something of a poet.

Presently a dirty outcast passed him and rudely jostled his arm as he drank his coffee. He begged the outcast's pardon quietly and conventionally in French, and went on reading. A moment later the

paper was snatched from his hand, and a red-faced, unkempt scoundrel yelled in his face, "Spy of the devil! English thief!" Then he rose quickly and stepped back to the wall, feeling for the spring in his sword-stick which he held closely pressed to his side. This same sword-stick had been of use to him on the Fly River in New Guinea.

"Down with the English spy!" rang through the room, joined to vile French oaths. Meanwhile the woman had not changed her position, but closely watched the tumult, which she herself had roused. She did not stir when she saw a glass hurled at the unoffending Englishman's head. A hand reached over and seized a bottle behind her. The bottle was raised and still she did not move, though her fingers pressed her cheeks with a spasmodic quickness. Three times Blake Shorland had said, in well-controlled tones, "Frenchmen, I am no spy," but they gave him the lie with increasing uproar. Had not Gabrielle Rouget said that he was an English spy? As the bottle was poised in the air with a fiendish cry of "A baptism! a baptism!" and Blake Shorland was debating on his chances of avoiding it, and on the wisdom of now drawing his weapon and cutting his way through the mob, there came from the door a call of "Hold! hold!" and a young military officer dashed in, his arm raised against the brutal missile in the hands of the ticket-of-leave man, whose patriotism was purely a matter of absinthe, natural evil, and Gabrielle Rouget. "Wretches! scum of France!" he said; "what is this here? And you, Gabrielle, do you sleep? Do you permit murder?"

She met the fire in his eyes without flinching, and some one answered for her, "He is an English spy!"

"Take care, Gabrielle," the young officer went on, "take care; you go too far!" And waving back the sullen crowd, now joined by the woman, who had not yet spoken, he said, "Who are you, monsieur? What is it?"

Blake Shorland drew from his pocket his letter of introduction and his credentials. Gabrielle now stood at the young officer's elbow. As the papers were handed over a photograph dropped from among them and fell face upward to the floor. Blake Shorland stooped to pick it up, but as he did so he heard a suppressed cry from Gabrielle Rouget. He looked up. She pointed to the portrait and said gaspingly, "Look, look! My God!" She leaned forward and touched the portrait in

his hand. "Look, look!" she said again. And then she paused, and a moment after laughed. But there was no mirth in her laughter; it had a hollow and nervous sound. Meanwhile the young officer had glanced at the papers, and now handed them back with the words, "All is right, monsieur — Eh! Gabrielle! Well? What is the matter?" But she drew back, keeping her eyes fixed on Blake Shorland and did not answer.

The young officer stretched out his hand: "I am Alençon Barré, lieutenant, at your service. Let us go, monsieur." But there was some unusual devilry working in that drunken crowd. The sight of an officer was not sufficient to awe them into obedience. Bad blood had been fired, and it was fed by some cause unknown to Alençon Barré, but to be understood fully hereafter. The mass surged forward, with cries of "Down with the Englishman!" Alençon Barré drew his sword. "Villains!" he cried, and pressed the point against the breast of the leader, who at this drew back. Then Gabrielle's voice was heard, "No, no, my children," she said; "no more of that to-day, — not to-day. Let the Englishman go." Her face was white and drawn, but her eyes burned with an intense brilliancy. Blake Shorland had been turning over in his mind all the events of the last few moments with the novelist's eye for situations and character, and he thought as he looked at her that just such women had made a hell of the Paris Commune. But one thought dominated all others. What did her excitement when she saw the portrait mean — the portrait of Luke Glasham? He felt that he was standing on the verge of a tragedy, at least a tragic possibility.

Alençon Barré's sword again made a clear circle round him, and he said, "Shame, Frenchmen! This gentleman is no spy. He is the friend of the governor, he is my friend. He is English — well! Where is the English flag? There are the French — good French — protected. Where is the French flag? There shall the English — good English — be safe."

As they moved towards the door Gabrielle glided forward, and, touching the arm of Blake Shorland, said in English, "You will come again, monsieur? You shall be safe altogether. You will come?" And looking at her searchingly, he answered slowly, "Yes, I will come."

As they left behind them the turbulent crowd and stepped into the street, Alençon Barré said: "You should have gone at once to the Hôtel du Gouverneur and pre-

sented your letters, monsieur; or at least have avoided the Café Voisin. Noumea is the Whitechapel and the Pentonville of France, remember."

And Blake Shorland acknowledged his error, thanked his rescuer, enjoyed the situation, and was taken to Governor Rapont, by whom he was cordially received and then turned over to the hospitality of the officers of the post. It was conveyed to him later in the evening by letters of commendation from the governor that he should be free to go anywhere in the islands and to see whatever was to be seen, from convict prison to Hôtel Dieu.

## II.

SITTING that night in the rooms of Alençon Barré, this question was put to Blake Shorland by his host: "What did Gabrielle say to you as we left, monsieur? And why did she act so, when she saw the portrait? I do not understand English well, and it was not quite clear."

Blake Shorland could think rapidly, and come to conclusions in the same fashion. He had a clear conviction that he ought to take Alençon Barré into his confidence. If Gabrielle Rouget should have any special connection with Luke Glasham there might be need of the active counsel of a friend like this young officer, whose face carried every token of chivalry and gentle birth. Better that Alençon Barré should know all, than that he should know in part and some day unwittingly make trouble. So he raised frank eyes to those of the other, and told the story of the man whose portrait had so affected Gabrielle Rouget.

"Monsieur Barré," he said, "I will tell you of this man first, and then perhaps it will be easier to answer your questions." He took the portrait from his pocket, passed it over and continued. "I received this portrait in a letter from England the day that I left Sydney, and as I was getting aboard the boat. I placed it among those papers which you read. It fell out as you know on the floor of the *café*, and you saw the rest. The man whose face is before you there, and who sent that to me, was my best friend in the days when I was at school and college. Afterwards, when a law-student, and, still later, when I began to practise my profession, we lived together in a rare old house at Fulham, with high garden walls and, — but I forget, you do not know London perhaps. Yes! Well, the house is neither here nor there; but I like to think of those days and of that home. Luke Glasham — that was my friend's name — was an artist and a



clever one. He had made a reputation by his paintings of Egyptian and Algerian life. He was certainly brilliant and original, and an indefatigable worker. Suddenly one winter he became less industrious, and alarmingly fitful in his work; gloomy one day and elated the next, and in fact generally uncomfortable. What was the matter? Wait. Strange to say, although we were such friends, we chose different sets of society, and therefore seldom appeared at the same houses or knew the same people. He liked most things continental; he found his social pleasures in that polite Bohemia which indulges in midnight suppers and permits ladies to smoke cigarettes after dinner, which dines at rich men's tables and is hob-a-nob with Russian counts, Persian ministers, and German barons. This was not to my taste, save as a kind of dramatic entertainment to be indulged in at intervals like a Drury Lane pantomime. But though I had no practical or visible proof that such was the case, I knew Luke Glasham's malady to be a woman. I taxed him with it. He did not deny it. He was painting at the time, I remember, and he testily and unprofitably drew his brush across the face of a Copt woman that he was working at and bit off the end of a cigar. I asked him if it was another man's wife; he promptly said, no. I asked him if there were any unpleasant complications, any inconsiderate pressure from the girl's parents or brothers; and he promptly told me to be damned. I told him I thought he ought to know that an ambitious man might as well drown himself at once as get a fast woman in his path. Then he developed a faculty for temper and profanity that stunned me. But the upshot was that I found the case straight enough to all appearances. The woman was a foreigner and not easy to win; was beautiful, had a fine voice, loved admiration, and possessed a scamp of a brother who wanted her to marry one who was not a Frenchman, so that, according to her father's will, a large portion of her fortune would come to him. Were you going to speak? No? very well. Things apparently got worse and worse. Glasham neglected business and everything else, became in fact a nuisance. He never offered to take me to see the lady, and I did not suggest it, did not know in fact where she lived. What galled me most in the matter was that Glasham had been for years attentive to a cousin of mine, Clare Hazard, almost my sister, indeed, since she had been brought up in my father's house; and I knew that from

a child she had adored him. However, these things seldom work out according to the law of nature, and so I chewed the cud of dissatisfaction and kept the thing from my cousin as long as I could. About the time matters seemed at a crisis with Glasham I was taken ill, or rather was knocked up from over-work, and was ordered south. My mother and Glasham accompanied me as far as Paris. Here Glasham left me to return to England, and in the *Café Voisin*, at Paris — yes, mark that — we had our farewell — farewell, for I have never seen him since. While in Italy I was prostrated with illness, and when I got up, Clare told me that Luke Glasham was married and had gone to Egypt. She, poor girl, bore it like a heroine. I was savage, but it was too late. I was ordered to go to the South Seas, at least to take a long sea-voyage; and though I could not well afford it I started for Australia. On my way out I stopped off one boat to try to find Luke Glasham in Egypt, but failed. I heard of him at Cairo, and learned also that her brother had joined them. Two years passed, and then I got a letter from an old friend, saying that Glasham's wife had eloped with a Frenchman. Another year, and then a letter from Glasham himself, saying that his wife was dead; that he had identified her body in the Morgue at Paris, — found drowned, and all that! He believed that remorse had driven her to suicide. But he had no trace of the brother, no trace of the villain whom he had hunted all Europe and America over to find. Again, another three years, and he writes me that he is going to be married to Clare Hazard on the twenty-sixth of this month. With that information came this portrait. I tell you all, M. Barré, because I feel that this woman Gabrielle has some connection with the past life of my friend Luke Glasham. She recognized the face, and you saw the effect. Now will you tell me what you know about her?"

Blake Shorland had been much more communicative than was his custom. But he knew men. This man had done him a service, and that made towards friendship on both sides. He was an officer and a gentleman, and so the Englishman showed his hand. Then he wanted information and perhaps much more, though what that would be he could not yet tell.

M. Barré had smoked cigarettes freely during Blake Shorland's narrative. At the end he said with peculiar emphasis, "Was your friend's wife a Frenchwoman?"



"Yes."

"Was her name Laroche?"

"I think that was it. I am not sure. It is six years since I heard it, and then it was only told me once by my cousin. Glasham always spoke of her as Lucile."

"Yes, Lucile when she was a good woman; something else when she was the other — *that!*"

Blake Shorland sprang to his feet. "You think that Lucile Laroche and Gabrielle —"

"That Lucile Laroche and Gabrielle Rouget are one? Yes! But that Lucile Laroche was the wife of your friend? Well, that is another matter. But we shall see soon. Listen, M. Shorland. A scoundrel, Henri Durien, was sent out here for killing an American at cards. The jury called it murder, but recommended him to mercy, and he escaped the guillotine. He had the sympathy of the women, the press did not deal hardly with him, and the public prosecutor did not seem to push the case as he might have done. But that was no matter to us. The woman, Gabrielle Rouget, followed him here, where he is a prisoner for life. He is engaged in road-making with other prisoners. She keeps the Café Voisin. Now here is the point which concerns your story. Once, when Gabrielle was permitted to see Henri, they quarrelled. I was acting as governor of the prison at the time, saw the meeting and heard the quarrel. No one else was near. Henri accused her of being intimate with a young officer of the post. I am sure there was no truth in it, for Gabrielle is not inclined to have followers of that kind. But Henri had got the idea from some source; perhaps by the convicts' 'underground railway,' which has connection even with the Hôtel de Gouverneur. Through it the prisoners know all that is going on, and more. In response to Henri's accusation Gabrielle replied, 'As I live, Henri, it is a lie.' He sardonically rejoined, 'But you do not live. You are dead, dead I tell you! You were found drowned and carried to the morgue and properly identified, — not by me, curse you, Lucile Laroche! And then you were properly buried, and not by me either, nor at my cost, curse you again! You are dead, I tell you!' She looked at him as she looked at you the other day, dazed and spectre-like, and said, 'Henri, I gave up my life once to a husband to please my brother. He was a villain, my brother! I gave it up a second time to please you, and because I loved you. I

left behind me name, fortune, Paris, France, everything, to follow you here. I was willing to live here, while you lived, or till you should be free. And you curse me — you dare to curse *me!* Now I will give you some cause to curse. You are a devil — I am a sinner. Henceforth I shall be devil and sinner, too.' With that she left him. Since then she *has* been both devil and sinner, but not in the way he meant; simply a danger to the safety of this dangerous community; a Louise Michel (we had her here, too!) without Louise Michel's high motives. Gabrielle Rouget may cause a revolt of the convicts some day, to secure the escape of Henri Durien, or to give them all a chance. The governor does not believe it, but I do. You noticed what I said about the morgue, and that?"

Blake Shorland paced up and down the room several times, and then said: "Great heaven, suppose that by some hideous chance this woman, Gabrielle Rouget, or Lucile Laroche, should prove to be Luke Glasham's wife! The evidence is so strong, so overwhelming. There evidently was some trick, some strange mistake, about the morgue and the burial. This is the fourteenth of January; Luke Glasham is to be married on the twenty-sixth! M. Barré, if this woman *should* be his wife, hell never brewed an uglier scrape. There is Glasham, — that's pitiful; there is Clare Hazard, — that's pitiful and horrible. For nothing can be done; no cables from here, the Sauvage gone, no vessels or mails for two weeks. Ah, well! There's only one thing to do — find out the truth from Gabrielle if I can, and trust in Providence."

"That is well spoken," said M. Barré. "Have some more champagne. I make the most of the pleasure of your company, and so I break another bottle. Besides, it may be the last I shall get for a time. There is trouble brewing at Bompatri — a native insurrection — and we may have to leave for there at any moment. However this affair with Gabrielle turns out, you have your business to do. You want to see the country, to study our life — well, come with us. We will house you and feed you as we feed, and you shall have your tobacco at army prices."

Much as Blake Shorland was moved by the events of the last few hours he was enough the soldier and the man of the world to face possible troubles without the loss of appetite, sleep, or nerve. He had learned those tricks by hard experience. He had cultivated a habit of deliberateness which saved his digestion and preserved

his mental equilibrium, and he had a happy faculty for doing the right thing at the right time. From his standpoint, his late adventure in the Café Voisin was the right thing, serious as the consequences might have been or might yet be. No man ever believed more in his star of fortune than did Blake Shorland. His life had been a series of escapes; it was always a case of one being taken and the other left. So now he promptly met the French officer's exuberance of spirits with a hearty gaiety, and drank his champagne with genial compliment and happy anecdote. It was late when they parted; the Frenchman excited, beaming, joyous, the Englishman responsive, but cool in mind still.

### III.

AFTER breakfast next morning Blake Shorland expressed to M. Barré his intention of going to see Gabrielle Rouget. He was told that he must not go alone; a guard would be too conspicuous and might invite trouble; he himself would accompany his friend M. Shorland.

The hot January day was reflected from the red streets, white houses, and waxen leaves of the tropical foliage with enervating force. An occasional ex-convict sullenly lounged by, touching his cap as he was required by law; a native here and there leaned idly against a house-wall or a magnolia-tree; ill-looking men and women loitered in the shade. A government officer went languidly by in full uniform—even the governor wore his uniform at all times to encourage respect—and the cafés were filling. Every hour was "absinthe-hour" in Noumea, which had improved on Paris in this particular. A knot of men stood at the door of the Café Voisin gesticulating nervously. One was pointing to a notice that had been posted on the bulletin-board of the café announcing that all citizens must hold themselves in readiness to bear arms in case the rumored insurrection among the natives proved serious. It was an evil-looking company that thus discussed Governor Rapont's commands. As the two passed in, Blake Shorland noticed that one of the group made a menacing action towards Alençon Barré. The French officer may have been used to this sort of thing, but to the Englishman it looked ominous.

Gabrielle was talking to an ex-convict as they entered. Her face looked worn; there was a hectic spot on each cheek and dark circles round the eyes. There was something tigress-like about the poise of the head and neck, something intense and

daring about the woman altogether. Her companion muttered between his teeth, "The cursed Englishman, the spy!"

But she turned on him sharply,—"Go away, Gaspard, I have business. So have you—go!" And the ex-convict slowly left the café, still muttering.

"Well, Gabrielle, how are your children this morning? They look gloomy enough for the guillotine, eh?" said M. Barré.

"They are much trouble, sometimes—my children."

"Last night, for instance."

"Yes, last night. But monsieur was unwise. We do not love the English here. They do not find it comfortable on English soil, in Australia—my children! Not so comfortable as Louis Philippe and Louis Napoleon. Criminal kings with gold are welcome; criminal subjects without gold—ah, that is another matter, M. Barré. It is just the same. They may be gentlemen—many are; if they escape to Australia or go as *libérés*, they are hunted down. That is English, and they hate the English—my children!"

Gabrielle's voice was directed to M. Barré, but her eyes, feverish, dilated, searching, were on Blake Shorland.

"Eh, well, Gabrielle, all English are not inhospitable. My friend here, we must be hospitable to him. The coals of fire, you know, Gabrielle. We owe him something, too, for yesterday. He wishes to speak to you. Be careful, Gabrielle. No communist justice, no Charlotte Corday, no treachery, citizen Gabrielle!" And M. Barré smiled gaily.

Gabrielle smiled in reply, but it was not a pleasant smile, and she said, "Treachery, M. Barré! Treachery in Noumea! There is no such thing. It is all fair in love and war. No quarter, no mercy, no hope! All is fair where all is foul, M. Barré."

M. Barré shrugged his shoulders pleasantly and replied: "If I had my way your freedom should be promptly curtailed, Gabrielle. You are an active citizen, but you are dangerous, truly."

"I like you better when you do not have your way. Yet my children do not hate you, M. Barré. You speak your thought, and they know what to expect. Your family have little more freedom in France than my children have here."

M. Barré looked at her keenly for an instant, then lighting a cigarette he said, "So, Gabrielle, so! That is enough. You wish to speak to M. Shorland—well!" He waved his hand to her and walked away from them.

Gabrielle paused a moment, looking sharply at Blake Shorland, then she said, "Monsieur will come with me?"

She led the way into another room, boudoir, sitting-room, breakfast-room, library, all in one. She parted the curtains at the window letting the light fall upon the face of her companion, while hers remained in the shadow. He knew the trick, and moved out of the belt of light. He felt that he was dealing with a woman of singular astuteness, with one whose wickedness was unconventional and intrepid. To his mind there came on the instant the memory of a Rocky Mountain lioness that he had seen caged in Kansas City years before; lithe, watchful, nervously powerful, superior to its surroundings, yet mastered by those surroundings — the trick of a lock, not a trick of strength. He thought he saw in Gabrielle a woman who for a personal motive was trying to learn the trick of the lock in Noumea, France's farthest prison. For a moment they looked at each other steadily, then she said, "That portrait — let me see it."

The hand that she held out was unsteady, and it looked strangely white and cold. He drew the photograph from his pocket and handed it to her. A flush passed across her face as she looked at it, and was followed by a pallor that became set and still like polished marble. She gazed at the portrait for a moment, then her lips parted and a great sigh broke from her. She was about to hand it back to him, but an inspiration seemed to seize her, and she threw it on the floor and put her heel upon it with a frenzied fierceness. "That is the way I treated him," she said, and she ground her heel into the face of the portrait. Then she took her foot away. "See, see," she cried, "how his face is scarred and torn! I did that. Do you know what it is to torture one who loves you? No, you do not. You begin with shame and regret. But the sight of your lover's agonies, his indignation, his anger, madden you and you get the lust of cruelty. You become a demon. You make new wounds. You tear open old ones. You lash, you stab, you thrust, you bruise, you put acid in the sores — the sharpest nitric acid; and then you heal with a kiss of remorse, and that is acid too — carbolic acid, and it smells of death. They put it in the room where dead people are. Have you ever been to the morgue in Paris? They use it there. And then, as he writhes before you under his tortures and will not call for help because he loves his torturer,

you smile a farewell to him and leave him there, and that is pouring ether over him, and he gets suddenly cold — bitter cold — and one man is dead; and then another man is born, or else the first man is carried to the morgue too, you understand! And better for him if he lies in the morgue. Lash and knife and dagger and acid can't hurt him there, even by memory. But the man that is born when the other man dies *has* memory — dark, dreadful memory."

She paused panting with her frenzy. "A good Medea she'd make. Poor Glasham!" thought Blake Shorland.

She took up the portrait. Her frame quivered. "Avenging God!" she said, "how his face is torn! Tell me of him."

"First, who are you, Gabrielle Rouget?"

She steadied herself, though her breast still panted painfully. "Who are *you*?" she said.

"I am his friend, Blake Shorland."

"Yes, I remember your name," She threw her hands up with a laugh, a bitter, hopeless laugh. Her eyes half closed, so that only light came from them, no color. The head was thrown back with a defiant recklessness, and then she said, "I was Lucile Laroche, *his* wife — Luke Glasham's wife."

"But his wife died. He identified her in the morgue."

"I do not know why I speak to you so, but I feel that the time has come to tell all to you. He did *not* identify his wife in the morgue. That was another woman, his wife's sister, my sister whom my brother drowned for her money — that is, he made her life such a misery! And he did not try to save her when he knew she was determined to drown herself. She was not bad; she was a thousand times better than I am, a million times better than he was. He was a devil, my brother. But he is dead now, too. She was taken to the morgue. She looked like me altogether; she wore a ring of mine, and she had a mark on her shoulder the same as one on mine; her initials were the same. Luke Glasham had never seen her. He believed that I lay dead there, and he buried her for me. I thought at the time that it would be best I should be dead to him and to the world. And so I did not speak. It was all the same to my brother. He got what was left of my fortune, and I got what was left of hers. For I was dead, you see — dead, dead, dead!"

She paused again. Neither spoke for a moment. Blake Shorland was thinking

what all this meant to Clare Hazard and Luke Glasham.

"Where is he? What is he doing?" she said at length. "Tell me, I was—I am—his wife."

"Yes, you were—you are—his wife. But better if you *had* been that woman in the morgue," he said without pity. What were this creature's feelings to him! There was his friend and the sweet-faced, true-souled Clare.

She replied, "I know, I know. Go on!"

"Luke Glasham is well. The man that was born when his wife lay before him in the morgue has sought another woman, a good, true woman who loves him and——"

"And is married to her!" interrupted Gabrielle, her face taking on again a shining whiteness and her voice becoming strained. But, as if suddenly remembering something, she laughed that strange laugh which might have come from a soul irretrievably lost. "And is married to her?"

Blake Shorland thought of the lust of cruelty, of the wounds, and the acids of torture. "Not yet," he said; "but the marriage is fixed for the twenty-sixth of this month."

"How I could spoil all that!" And her fingers clutched the curtains against which she stood.

"Yes, you could spoil all that. But you have spoiled enough already. Don't you think if Luke Glasham does marry—and there is little chance to prevent it—that you had better be dead as you have been this last five years? To make one hell in a lifetime ought to be enough to satisfy even a woman like you."

She shivered. Her eyes looked through Blake Shorland's eyes and beyond them to something else; and then they closed. When they opened again she said, "But I have made two hells; one for him and one for myself. His passed away when that woman in the morgue was buried. Mine goes on; it will never pass away."

Blake Shorland did not fill the pause that followed with any remark and in a moment she continued, "It is strange that I never thought of his marrying again. And now I want to kill her—just for the moment. That is the selfish devil in me. And I can make another hell for him now, as you say. It will be that, whether I will it or not, if he knows that I live. Well, what is to be done, monsieur? There is the morgue left. But then there is no morgue here. Ah, well, we can make one perhaps; we can make a 'morgue, monsieur.'"

"Can't you see that he ought to be left the rest of his life in peace?"

"Yes, I can see that. How his face is torn!" she said again, pointing to the portrait.

"Well, then!"

"Well—and then, monsieur? Ah, *you* did not wish him to marry me. He told me so. 'A fickle foreigner,' you said. And you were right, but it was not pleasant to me, nevertheless. I hated you then, though I had never spoken to you or seen you; not because I wanted him, but because you interfered. He said once to me that you had told the truth in that. But—and *then*, monsieur?"

"Then continue to efface yourself forever and ever. Continue to be the woman in the morgue."

"But others know."

"Yes, Henri Durien knows and M. Barré suspects."

"So you see!"

"But Henri Durien is a prisoner for life; he cannot hear of the marriage unless you tell him. M. Barré is a gentleman; he is my friend; his memory will be dead like you."

"For M. Barré, well! But the other—Henri. How do you know that he is here for life? Men got pardoned, men get free, men fi—get free I tell you."

Blake Shorland noticed the interrupted word. He remembered it afterwards distinctly enough and understood its full force.

"The twenty-sixth, the twenty-sixth," she said. Then a pause, and after with a sudden sharpness, "Come to me on the twenty-fifth, and I will give you my reply, M. Shorland."

He still held the portrait in his hand. She stepped forward. "Let me see it again," she said.

He handed it to her: "You have spoiled a good face, Gabrielle Rouget."

"But the eyes are not hurt," she replied; "see how they look at one." And she handed it back.

"Yes, kindly."

"And sadly, monsieur. As if he still remembered Lucile. Lucile! I have not been called that name for a long time. It is on my gravestone, you know. Ah, perhaps you do not know. You never saw my grave. I have. And on the tombstone is written this: *By Luke to Lucile*. And then beneath, where the grass almost hides it, the line: *I have followed my Star to the last*. You do not know what that line means; I will tell you. Once, when we were first married, he wrote me some

verses, and he called them, 'My Star, Lucile.' Here is a verse, — ah, why do you not smile, when I say I will tell you what he wrote? *Chut!* Women such as I have memories sometimes. One can admire the Heaven even if one lives in — ah, you know! Listen." And with a voice that seemed far away and not a part of herself she repeated these lines: —

In my sky of Delight there's a beautiful Star;  
'Tis the Sun and the Moon of my days;  
And the doors of its glory are ever ajar,  
And I live in the glow of its rays.

'Tis my Winter of Joy and my Summer of Rest,

'Tis my Future, my Present, my Past;  
And though winds fill the East and the clouds  
haunt the West,

I shall follow my Star to the last.

"There, that was to Lucile. What would he write to Gabrielle, to Henri's Gabrielle? to — ah, ah, ah! How droll! how droll!" And again she laughed that shuddering laugh of eternal recklessness.

It filled Blake Shorland this time with a sense of fear. He lost sight of everything, — this strange and interesting woman, and the peculiar nature of the events in which he was sharing, — and saw only Clare Hazard's ruined life, Luke Glasham's despair and the fatal twenty-sixth of January so near at hand. He could see no way out of the labyrinth of disgrace. It unnerved him more than anything that had ever happened to him, and he turned bewildered towards the door. He saw that while Gabrielle Rouget, or Lucile Laroche, lived, a dread misfortune would be ever crouching at the threshold of Luke Glasham's home; that whether the woman agreed to be silent or not the hurt to Clare Hazard would remain the same. With an angry bitterness in his voice that he did not try to hide, he said: "There is nothing more to be done now, Gabrielle, that I can see. But it is a crime, it is a pity!"

"A pity that he did not tell the truth on the gravestone, that he did not follow his Star to the last, monsieur? How droll! And you should see how green the grass was on my grave! Yes, it is a pity, monsieur."

But Blake Shorland, heavy at heart, looked at her and said nothing more. He wondered why it was that he did not loathe her. Somehow, even in her shame, she compelled a kind of admiration and awe. She was the wreck of splendid possibilities, a tigress that had tasted blood. A palpitating and poisonous vitality possessed her, but through it glowed a daring

and a candor that belonged to her before she became wicked, and that now half redeemed her in the eyes of this man who knew the worst of her. Even in her sin she was loyal to the scoundrel for whom she had sacrificed two lives, her own and another's. Her brow might flush with shame of the mad deed that turned her life awry, and of the degradation of her present surroundings, but her eyes looked straight into those of Blake Shorland without wavering and with the pride of strength if not of goodness.

"Yes, there *is* one thing more," she said. "Give me that portrait to keep — until the twenty-fifth. Then you may take it, — from the woman in the morgue."

Blake Shorland thought for a moment. She had spoken just now without sneering, without bravado, without hardness. Her voice had even taken a tone of sadness. He felt that behind this woman's outward cruelty and varying moods there was something working that perhaps might be trusted, something in Luke Glasham's interest. He was certain that this portrait had moved her deeply. Had she come to that period of reaction in evil when there is an agonized and wistful look turned back towards the good? He could not tell, but he gave the portrait to her. If he but knew it, his judgment was right. She was trembling between one thing and another, and the one thing would be best for Luke Glasham. Without another word they parted, the scarred portrait remaining with her.

#### IV.

SITTING in Alençon Barré's room an hour later, Blake Shorland told him in substance the result of his conference with Gabrielle, and begged his consideration for Luke Glasham if the worst should happen. Alençon Barré gave his word as a man of honor that the matter should be sacred to him. As they sat there a messenger came from the commandant to say that the detachment was to start that afternoon for Bompatri. Then a note was handed to Blake Shorland from Governor Rapont offering him a horse and a native servant if he chose to go with the troops. This was what Blake Shorland had come for — news and adventure. He did not hesitate, though the shadow of the twenty-fifth was hanging over him, or rather over Clare Hazard and Luke Glasham, which was much the same to him. He felt his helplessness in the matter, but determined to try to be back in Noumea on that date. Not that he expected anything definite,



but because he had a feeling that where Gabrielle was on that day he ought to be.

For two days they travelled, the friendship between Alençon Barré and Blake Shorland growing hourly closer. It was the swift amalgamation of two kindred natures in the flame of a perfect sincerity; for even with the dramatic element so strongly developed in his mental and emotional constitution the Englishman was very downright and true. His friendship was as tenacious as his head was cool.

On the evening of the third day Blake Shorland noticed that the strap of his spur was frayed. He told his native servant to attend to it. Next morning as they were starting he saw that the strap had not been mended or replaced. His language on the occasion was pointed and confident. The fact is he was angry with himself for trusting anything to a servant. He was not used to such a luxury, and he made up his mind to live for the rest of the campaign without a servant, as he had done all his life long.

The two friends rode side by side for miles through the jungle of fern and palm, and then began to enter a more open but scrubby country. The scouts could be seen half a mile ahead. Not a sign of natives had been discovered on the march. More than once Alençon Barré had expressed his dissatisfaction at this. He knew it pointed to concentrated trouble ahead; and just as they neared the edge of the free country he rose in his saddle and looked around carefully. Blake Shorland imitated his action, and as he resumed his seat he felt his spur-strap break. He leaned back and drew up the foot to take off the spur. As he did so he felt a sudden twitch at his side, and immediately Alençon Barré swayed in his saddle with a spear in the groin. Blake Shorland caught him and prevented him falling to the ground. A wild cry rose from the jungle behind and from the clearing ahead, and in a moment the infuriated French soldiers were in the thick of a hand-to-hand fray under a rain of spears and clubs. The spear that had struck Alençon Barré would have struck Blake Shorland had he not bent backwards when he did. As it was the weapon had torn a piece of cloth from his coat.

A moment, and the wounded man was lifted to the ground. The surgeon shook his head in sad negation. Death already blanched the face of Alençon Barré. Blake Shorland looked into the misty eyes with a sadness only known to those who

can gauge the love of men who suffer for each other. Four days ago this gallant young officer had taken risk for him, had saved him from injury, perhaps death; to-day the spear meant for him had stricken down this same young officer, never to rise again. The vicarious sacrifice seemed none the less noble to Blake Shorland because it was involuntary, because according to fact it was an accident. The only point clear in his mind was, that had he not leant back, Alençon Barré would be the whole man and he the wounded one.

"*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! Mon ami,*" Blake Shorland said; and at that moment he could say no more. There could indeed be little more to say.

Alençon Barré looked up, agony twitching his nostrils and a dry, white line on his lips. "*Mon ami!*" he said, "it is in action—that is something; it is for France, that is more to me—everything. They would not let me serve France in Paris, but I die for her in New Caledonia. I have lived six-and-twenty years. I have loved the world. Many men have been kind, and once there was a woman,—and I shall see her soon, quite soon. It is strange. The eyes will become blind, and then they will open and—ah!" The agony shook his body and his fingers closed convulsively on those of Blake Shorland. When the ghastly tremor, the demoniacal corrosions of the poisoned spear, passed, he said, "So, so! It is the end. *C'est bien, c'est bien!*"

All round them the fight raged, and French soldiers were repeating English bravery in the Soudan.

"It is not against a great enemy, but it is good," said the wounded man as he heard the conquering cries of a handful of soldiers punishing five times their numbers. "You remember Prince Eugène and the assegaïs?"

"I remember."

"Our houses were enemies, but we were friends, he and I. And so, and so you see, it is the same for both."

Again the teeth of the devouring poison fastened on him, and when it left him a grey pallor had settled upon the face.

Blake Shorland said to him gently: "*Mon ami,* it is the end. How do you feel about it all?"

As if in gentle protest the head moved slightly. "*C'est bien, c'est bien,*" the low voice said.

A pause, in which the cries of the wounded came through the smoke, and then the dying man, feeling the approach



of another convulsion, said: "A cigarette, *mon ami*."

Blake Shorland put a cigarette between his lips and lighted it.

"And now a little wine," the fallen soldier added.

The surgeon, who had come again for a moment, nodded and said: "It may act as an antidote to the poison."

Alençon Barré's native servant brought a tiny bottle of champagne which was intended to be drunk in celebration of the expected victory, but not in this fashion!

Blake Shorland understood. This brave young soldier of a dispossessed family wished to show no fear of pain, no lack of outward and physical courage in the approaching and final shock. He must do something that was conventional, natural, habitual, that would take his mind from the thing itself. At heart the man was right. The rest was a question of living like a strong-nerved soldier to the last. The tobacco smoke curled feebly from his lips, and was swallowed up in the clouds of powder-smoke that circled round them. With his head on his native servant's knee he watched Blake Shorland uncork the champagne and pour the wine into the surgeon's medicine-glass. It was put in his fingers; he sipped it once and then drank it all. "Again," he said.

Again it was filled. The cigarette was smoked nearly to the end. Blake Shorland must unburden his mind of one thought, and so he said: "You took what was meant for me, my friend."

"Ah, no, no, my friend! It was the fortune, we will say the good fortune. *C'est bien!*" Then, "The wine, the wine," he said, and his fingers again clasped those of Blake Shorland tremblingly. He took the glass in his right hand and lifted it. "God guard all at home! God keep France!" he said. He was about to place the glass to his lips, when a stray bullet struck it, and left only the stem in his hand. He fell back, his breath quick and vanishing, his eyes closing, and a sad, faint smile upon his lips. "It is always the same with France," he said; "always the same." And then a slight tremor seized him, and he was gone.

#### V.

THE French had bought their victory dear with the death of Alençon Barré, their favorite officer. When they turned their backs upon a quelled insurrection, there was a gap that not even French buoyancy could fill. On the morning of the twenty-fifth they neared Noumea. Blake Shor-

land thought of all that day meant to Luke Glasham and Clare Hazard. He was helpless to alter the course of events, to stay a painful possibility.

"You can never trust a woman of Gabrielle's stamp," he said to himself, as they rode along through valleys of ferns, grenadillas, and limes. "They have no base-line of duty; they either rend themselves or rend others, but rend they must, hearts and not garments. Henri Durien knows, and she knows, and Alençon Barré knew, poor boy! but what he knew is buried with him back there under the palms. Glasham and Clare are to be married to-morrow — God help them! I had forgotten that. And I can see them in their home, he standing by the fireplace in his old way — it's winter there! — and looking down at Clare; and on the other side of the fireplace sits the sister of the woman in the morgue, waiting for the happiest moment in the lives of these two before her. And when it comes, as she did with the portrait, as she did with him before, she will set her foot upon his face and then on Clare's; only neither Luke nor Clare will live again after that crucifixion. It must be a death in life, it will. Hollo! what's that? — a messenger riding hard to meet us! Smoke in the direction of Noumea and the sound of firing! What's that, doctor? Convicts revolted, made a break at the prison and on the way to the quarries at the same moment! Of course — seized the time when the post was weakest, helped by ticket-of-leave men and led by Henri Durien, Gaspard, and Gabrielle Rouget. Gabrielle Rouget, eh! And this is the twenty-fifth! Yes, I will take Barré's horse, captain, thank you; it is fresher than mine. Away we go! Egad, they're at it, doctor. Hear the rifles!"

Answering to the leader's cry of "Forward, forward, my men!" the detachment dash into the streets of this little Paris, which, after the fashion of its far-away mother, is dipping its hands in revolution. Outcast and criminal France is arrayed against military France once more. A handful of guards in the prison at Ile Nou are bravely holding in check a ruthless mob of convicts; and a crowd of convicts in the street are holding in check a determined military force. Part of the newly arrived reinforcements go to Ile Nou, part move towards the barricade. Blake Shorland goes to the barricade. He feels that here he shall see a development of Luke Glasham's story.

The convicts have the Café Voisin in their rear. As the reinforcements join the

besieging party a cheer rises, and a sally is made upon the barricade. It is a hail of fire meeting a slighter rain of fire—a cry of coming victory cutting through a sullen roar of despair. The square in which the convicts are massed is a trench of blood and bodies; but they fight on. There is but one hope—to break out, to meet the soldiers hand to hand and fight for passage to the friendly jungle and to the sea, where afloat they may trust to that Providence that appears to help even the wicked sometimes. As Blake Shorland looks upon the scene and sketches it rapidly, missiles and bullets flying round him the while, he thinks of Alençon Barré's words: "It is always the same with France, always the same."

The fight grows fiercer, the soldiers press nearer. And now one clear voice is heard above the din, "Forward, forward, my children!" and some one springs upon the outer barricade. It is the plotter of the revolt, the leader, the manager of the "underground railway," the beloved of the convicts—Gabrielle Rouget! The sunlight glorifies her streaming hair and vivid dress—vivid with the blood of the fallen. Her arms, her shoulders, her feet are bare; all that she could spare from her body had gone to bind the wounds of her desperate comrades. In her hands she holds a carbine. As she stands for an instant unmoving, the firing, as if by magic, ceases. She raises a hand. "We will have the guillotine in Paris," she said; "but not the hell of exile here." And then Henri Durien, the convict, springs up beside her; the man for whom she had made a life's sacrifice—for whom she had come to *this*. His head is bandaged and clotted with blood; his eyes blaze with that ferocity that comes to desperate animals at bay. Close after him crowd the handful of his frenzied compatriots in crime, hardened to all endurance physically by discipline and labor; and yet there were faces among them that seemed not yet hardened to all atrocity morally; faces of young men with one crime blighting their lives, with one sin driving them to final ignominy.

They stand there for the poise of a panther's leap, and then a rifle-crack is heard, and Henri Durien falls at the feet of Gabrielle Rouget. The wave on the barricade quivers, and then Gabrielle's voice is heard crying, "Avenge him! Free yourselves, my children! It is better than prison!" And the wave falls in red turmoil on the breakers. And still Gabrielle stood alone above the body of Henri Durien; but the carbine was fallen from her

hands. She stood as one awaiting death, her eyes upon the unmoving form at her feet. The soldiers watched her, but no one fired. Blake Shorland sketched her rapidly as she stood there. He did it mechanically. The dramatic side of his nature was working without mental direction, for he was thinking with a new sense of horror that this woman was the wife of his friend. Her face was white and the mouth was agonized; but in the eyes there was a wild triumph. She wanted death now; but these French soldiers had not the heart to kill her. When she saw that, she leaned and thrust a hand into the bleeding bosom of Henri Durien, and holding it aloft cried, "For this blood men must die." Then again stooping she seized the carbine and levelled it at the officer in command. But before she pulled the trigger some one fired, and she fell across the body of her lover. A moment after Blake Shorland stood beside her. She was shot through the lungs. She drew herself up and touched the brow of the dead convict with her lips.

Blake Shorland stooped over her. "Gabrielle, Gabrielle!" he said.

"Yes, yes, I know—I saw you. This is the twenty-fifth. He will be married to-morrow—Luke. I owed it to him to die; I owed it to Henri to die this way."

She drew the scarred portrait of Luke Glasham from her bosom and gave it to Blake Shorland.

"It was his eyes that made me," she said; "they were always good. They haunted me so. Well, it is all done. I am sorry, ah! Never tell him of this. I go away—away—with Henri."

She closed her eyes and was still for a moment; so still that he thought her dead. But she looked up at him again and said feebly and with her last breath, "I am—the woman in the morgue—now—always!"

GILBERT PARKER.

From *The Leisure Hour*.

#### A PUBLISHER AND HIS FRIENDS.\*

JOHN MURRAY THE SECOND.

THE life-story of a man who, from moderate position as a bookseller, rose to be the "Anak of publishers," as Byron called him, and "the Mæcenas of the age," could

\* A Publisher and his Friends. Memoir and Correspondence of the late John Murray, with an Account of the Origin and Progress of the House, 1768-1843. By Samuel Smiles, LL.D. Two vols., with portraits. John Murray, Albemarle Street.

not fail to be deeply interesting. In every period of English literature there have been booksellers and publishers of distinguished eminence, worthy of remembrance for their own merits, as well as from their relations with great authors. Such was Jacob Tonson in the age of Addison, and Edward Dilly in that of Johnson. The names of many others at once will be recalled which not only appear on title-pages but figure in many pages of famous volumes. Yet, even if there were a series of such biographies, the "Lives of the Publishers" (like the "Lives of the Engineers" or the "Lives of the Chancellors"), that of John Murray would be unique in its way. It deals not only with a man of remarkable personal character, but with a condition of the republic of letters that was then new, and can never be repeated. The sudden and rapid increase of education and the multiplication of readers opened new fields of ambition to authors and publishers. Only a generation previously, Edmund Burke estimated the number of readers in Great Britain at eighty thousand, or about one per cent. of its inhabitants. Already, in the second decade of the nineteenth century, the number of readers could be reckoned by hundreds of thousands instead of thousands, and in the diffusion of knowledge through the press the name of John Murray deserves to rank with those of Charles Knight and Henry Brougham.

Important as was the influence of Mr. Murray in this way, and gratifying as is the record of the progress of the house during his reign, the popularity of Mr. Smiles's book is mainly owing to the notices and the correspondence of the publisher's friends. Some of these friendships were inherited from his father, such as with Sharon Turner and Isaac D'Israeli. But the greater number were of his own making. The relations with distinguished persons, which commenced with business transactions, almost always led to mutual esteem and warm friendship. As Mr. Smiles says:—

He was the intimate friend and correspondent of Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron, Canning, Southey, the Disraelis, Campbell, Crabbe, Hallam, Croker, Milman, Washington Irving, Madame de Staël; as well as with the early editors of the *Quarterly*, Gifford, Coleridge, and Lockhart; and many original letters from these authors are given in these pages. It was observed by Southey that a man's character may be judged of even more surely by the letters which his friends ad-

ressed to him, than by those which he himself penned. Guided by this standard, the readers of these volumes will have little difficulty in forming an opinion as to the estimation in which Mr. Murray was held by his friends and contemporaries.

Many others might have been added, one of the last and almost the only now surviving author being Mr. Gladstone, whose first works, "Church and State" (1838) and "Church Principles" (1840), were published by Mr. Murray.

As the originator and the proprietor of the *Quarterly Review*, Mr. Murray secured an advantageous position early in his career. He had for some years been the London agent for the *Edinburgh Review*, but when the dissatisfaction with the critical flippancy as well as the political principles of the Whig organ increased, Mr. Murray saw the opportunity for establishing a rival in the Tory interest. The secession of Sir Walter Scott from the *Edinburgh*, after its attack on "Marmion," led Mr. Murray to seek his support, which was heartily given, for he had helped the Scottish publication mainly from patriotic sympathy. This, with other circumstances connected with the establishment of the *Quarterly*, Mr. Smiles duly records, but with little addition to what has already often been told.

Of John Murray the first, the founder of the house, an account is given in the opening chapter. To many this will appear one of the most interesting chapters in the whole book, inasmuch as it deals with subjects and with times with which we are less familiar. He was born at Edinburgh in 1745. His uncle, Colonel Murray, a Murray of Athol, was "out in 1715," and fought at Sheriffmuir. After the suppression of the rebellion he retired to France, where he served under the exiled Duke of Ormonde, attached to the Stuart court. His brother Robert, remaining in Scotland, adopted the law as his profession, and, to disguise his Jacobite connection, prefixed a Mac to his name. He had two sons, one of whom entered the Church, and the other served in the Royal Marines, his commission as lieutenant bearing date 1762. This was just before the close of the Seven Years' War, when Pitt, with Anson at the Admiralty, raised England to the first place among the European powers. When the Treaty of Paris was signed, in 1763, the English navy had little to do; the ships were laid up in ordinary, the seamen discharged, and the marines quartered in their barracks. For six years Lieutenant

Macmurray remained at Chatham on full pay, but in enforced idleness, and with no prospect of promotion or of active service. Having fallen in love and become engaged to the daughter of a Captain Wemyss, he resolved to retire on half-pay at the age of twenty-three and to start as a bookseller in London.

What led to the choice of this calling is not stated; but it was probably due to his intimacy with William Falconer, the sailor-poet, a former schoolmate at Edinburgh, and then resident at Chatham. Falconer had been in the merchant service, but through the patronage of the Duke of York, to whom he dedicated his poem "The Shipwreck," he got a commission in the royal navy. His ship being laid up at Chatham, and for him also no prospect of active service appearing, he occupied his time in compiling the "Marine Dictionary," a book which is still in request for its excellent glossary of nautical terms. While thus employed he was offered the post of purser to the Aurora frigate, which was lost at sea during the voyage. The ship was still at Dover, waiting for a fair wind to go down the Channel, when Falconer received a letter from Macmurray, announcing his purpose of purchasing the business of a bookseller, and inviting him to join in the venture. "Many blockheads in the trade," he said, "are making fortunes; and did we not succeed as well as they, I think it must be imputed to ourselves."

It was too late for Falconer to consider the proposal; and Macmurray went into the business alone, "after deliberate reflection," as he says, and under good advice. His father sent from Edinburgh the necessary purchase money, and in 1768 he began the bookselling business. Dropping the "Mac," and resuming the ancestral name, he put a ship at the head of his invoices, and issued the following announcement:—

John Murray (successor to Mr. Sandby), bookseller and stationer, at No. 32, over against St. Dunstan's Church, in Fleet Street, London, sells all new books and publications, fits up public or private libraries in the neatest manner with books of the choicest editions, the best print, and the richest bindings. Also executes East India or foreign commissions by an assortment of books and stationery suited to the market or purpose for which it is destined; all at the most reasonable rates.

From not a few of his early friends and his brother officers he received the warmest support, and consignments of books and periodicals were sent to some of them

in all parts of the world, the choice of what was sent being often left to his discretion. Of his early ventures in publishing, the memoir gives details, but there is not much in this way worthy of record. More interesting in its bearing on the future of the house is the account of his efforts to form relations with the trade in Ireland and Scotland. Ireland was then a country with laws and usages of its own, and pirating English books was usual; but it was not a place for much extension of business. With Scotland Murray had more satisfactory relations. In 1770 he made the acquaintance of Professor Millar, of Glasgow, to whom he was introduced by Dr. Moore, the author of "Zeluco," and of other works, literary as well as medical. He was father of the famous Sir John Moore, of the Peninsular War and Corunna. Through Professor Millar, who had among his pupils Lord Jeffrey, Lord Adair, and the Earl of Lauderdale, Murray got good introductions in Edinburgh, leading to business transactions with publishers, among whom were Creech, and Elliot, the latter of whom became one of the principal correspondents of the Fleet Street house. Large parcels of medical and other books were sent for sale in London; and it is a curious illustration of the times, that they were sent in armed ships, the fleet escorted by men-of-war, for protection against hostile cruisers or privateers. Elliot's shop was in Parliament Close, and Creech's in the Luckenbooth, both near the Parliament House, then the centre of all literary as well as legal activity. The families of Elliot and Murray were afterward more intimately connected, the son of one marrying the daughter of the other. But as yet the Edinburgh relationship was only in business.

His first wife, *née* Wemyss, having died childless, John Murray the first had married again, and the only surviving son of the second marriage, John Murray the second, was born in 1778. The business was continued in Fleet Street with varying but not brilliant success, till his death in 1793. The chief events of his career are given in Mr. Smiles's book. One of the most touching incidents is his having seen the funeral of Dr. Johnson, on December 20, 1784. "His remains passed my door for interment this afternoon. They were accompanied by thirteen mourning coaches with four horses each; and after these, a cavalcade of the carriages of his friends. He was about to be buried in Westminster Abbey."

John Murray the first began his publishing career when only twenty-three. He was twenty-five years in business, and died at the comparatively early age of forty-eight. With all his industry and energy, he did not, we are informed, double his capital. His last enterprise was most unfortunate, publishing Lavater's work on physiognomy. The engraving of the numerous plates was a costly affair, and nearly £4,000 had to be paid out of the estate by the executors.

By the will of the elder Murray, the business was to be carried on during the minority of his son by Samuel Highley, his "faithful shopman," for the benefit of the widow and family. John Murray the son was only fifteen at his father's death. He remained at school two years longer, and in the autumn of 1795 returned to No. 32 Fleet Street to take part in the business, his mother having then made a second marriage, and gone to live at Bridgenorth with her husband and her two daughters, receiving from time to time the money necessary for their education. A partnership was concluded between Murray and Highley, although Murray was still a minor. Some of the Indian friends of the first Murray—among them Warren Hastings and Joseph Hume—were regular customers of the new firm. The son came of age on November 27, 1799. He was prudent enough to maintain his connection with Highley for a few years longer, though with ever-increasing dissatisfaction. His father's "faithful shopman" had no enterprise, as the younger partner thought, and was content to sell the books of other publishers. Chafing under the restraint put on his own more active spirit, he proposed, in November, 1802, to have the partnership dissolved. The terms were soon arranged, and on lots being drawn for the house, Murray had the good fortune to remain at No. 32 Fleet Street, while Mr. Highley removed to No. 24, taking with him, by agreement, the principal part of the medical works of the firm.

As soon as he was his own master he resolved to launch into publication. Having, shortly before the dissolution of partnership, seen the first representation of Mr. Colman's comedy of "John Bull," and being fascinated by its "union of wit, sentiment, and humor," the young publisher offered Colman £300 for the copyright. Mr. Colman was pleased with the young man's proposal, and with the tone of the letter in which it was made, but in a pleasant reply explained that it was the custom

to offer the copyright of a successful play to the manager of the theatre where it was produced.

Though disappointed in this first venture, the affair is worth mentioning as showing the ambition of the young publisher. He did not, however, neglect the ordinary routine of the bookselling business. One of the letters of this period is to Mr. Joseph Hume, who was not very prompt in settling his accounts; and in sending a new consignment, of the value of nearly £100, the young bookseller begged that an arrangement should be made for "payment by some house in London within six months after the goods are shipped." He added that he had no apprehension of not being paid, but his circumstances did not permit him to give a large amount of credit.

In 1803, when Napoleon's threatened invasion of England aroused the national spirit, volunteers were enrolled to the number of three hundred thousand, and in London the force was twelve thousand five hundred strong, when the metropolis contained less than half the number of its present population. John Murray was in the famous review by King George III. that summer in Hyde Park, as an ensign in the 3rd Royal London Volunteers. He gave much time to drill and his "military duties," as he called them in a letter to his business correspondents in Edinburgh, excusing himself for being unable to accomplish an intended visit to Scotland.

This patriotic activity did not interfere with his attention to his business, for in the year 1803 he published an important medical work, "The Pharmacopœia of Dr. Graves," and lighter books such as "The Revolutionary Plutarch," being memoirs of Bonaparte and of the French leaders. In the following year the "Memoirs of Talleyrand" and "The Female Plutarch" were published by him in conjunction with Messrs. Longman & Co. But these publications were soon withdrawn, strong representations being made as to their immoral tendency. He soon after published the journals of the celebrated African traveller, Mungo Park, the first venture in books of travel, a department for which the house of Murray, both under the second and third of the dynasty, has been specially celebrated.

It was in 1812 that Mr. Murray, who had already meditated migration to the West End, and had almost fixed to settle in Pall Mall, heard of the intention of William Miller, of 50 Albemarle Street, to retire from business. Miller, who had



first been in Bond Street, removed to Albemarle Street in 1804. An arrangement was soon effected by which Murray purchased the lease, together with copyrights and stock. The removal proved of much advantage, both as to business and influence. The Albemarle Street drawing-room became a favorite centre of literary as well as social reunion. Until the establishment of the Athenæum Club, this was the place where men distinguished in science and art, as well as literature, most did congregate. In fact it was by Croker, Davy, Chantrey, and other regular frequenters of Murray's house that the Athenæum was started some years later. For the contributors and supporters of the *Quarterly*, as well as Gifford the editor, this was a much more convenient locality than the old shop in Fleet Street. In the dining-room of Albemarle Street the host displayed most generous hospitality, and here distinguished strangers from the Continent and America were entertained, as well as the intimate friends of the publisher. In a letter to a relative Murray himself says:—

My house is excellent; and I transact all the departments of my business in an elegant library, which my drawing-room becomes during the morning; and then I am in the habit of seeing persons of the highest rank in literature and talent, such as Canning, Frere, Mackintosh, Southey, Campbell, Walter Scott, Madame de Staël, Gifford, Croker, Barrow, Lord Byron, and others; thus leading the most delightful life, with means of prosecuting my business with the highest honor and emolument.

This was written as early as in the winter of 1813. Every year added new celebrities to the roll of guests and visitors. In due time the dining-room was adorned with portraits of the notables who met at his table, including, besides those already mentioned, Coleridge, Washington Irving, Crabbe, Mrs. Somerville, Hallam, Moore, and Lockhart, forming a most interesting gallery of celebrities. From these, and others famous in the annals of that period, among them distinguished voyagers and explorers, letters are published in the present volumes. The publications embraced a succession of travellers of wonderful variety, from Parry and Basil Hall to Belzoni and George Borrow. Nor were military works less conspicuous, the most notable being Napier's "Peninsula War," and the "Wellington Despatches" edited by Colonel Gurwood. Every chapter of the book presents so great a number and

variety of topics, and references to eminent people, that the reader is brought in touch with the life of the early half of the nineteenth century, much in the same way that he is carried by Boswell's Johnson into the latter half of the eighteenth century.

In the "Family Library," the first volume of which appeared in 1829, a new departure was made in literary production. Mr. Murray had long contemplated the serial publication of copyright works in a form and at a price which would render them accessible to a wider circle of readers than they had hitherto been. The great and rapid increase of education, at the time of Lord Brougham's famous saying, "The schoolmaster is abroad," determined the carrying out of this scheme. It was the beginning of an epoch in the publishing world, the "Family Library" being the parent of the innumerable "libraries," and series of "books for the million," which increase and multiply in our own day. It is true that the series known as "Constable's Miscellany" had already commenced, but he took the idea from Murray, who had in 1825 actually set in type a pocket edition of Parry's "Arctic Voyages," a copy of which was shown to Constable by Captain Basil Hall. In the "Miscellany," Basil Hall's own voyages were published, and then Constable had the coolness to ask Murray to allow him the right of printing a cheap edition of "Southey's Life of Nelson." This was too much to grant even to his old friend and correspondent, and it hastened the starting of the "Family Library," a plan of issuing a "National Library" suggested by Mr. Charles Knight having been first considered.

Charles Knight was soon afterwards busily engaged with other schemes. The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, with Henry Brougham as president, was established in 1828. The publishing of the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge" was offered to Murray, but he declined the undertaking, and he reverted to his own plan of issuing cheap copyright works. The first volume of the "Family Library" appeared in April, 1829. A copy was sent to Charles Knight, who sent in return the first volume of the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge," with a letter in which he said:—

We each launch our vessels on the same day, and I most earnestly hope that both will succeed, for good must come of that success. We have plenty of sea-room, and need never run foul of each other. My belief is that, in



a very few years, scarcely any other description of books will be published.

While "library editions" of books are in demand, the notion of having scarcely any other than cheap volumes is for this country chimerical, but the proportion of such publications has become so large that it seemed right to dwell on the fact of John Murray being one of the chief originators of cheap and popular literature.

One of Mr. Murray's few unsuccessful enterprises was the attempt to establish a new daily morning newspaper. The *Representative*, as it was called, in its projection and planning occupied much time, and caused immense anxiety and trouble, and in the brief period of its existence involved Mr. Murray in a loss of not less than £26,000. It ceased on July 29, 1826, after a career of only six months. In a letter to Mr. Sharon Turner, the historian, and the solicitor both of Murray and the elder D'Israeli, reference is made to the loss he had sustained by yielding to Benjamin's "unrelenting excitement and importunity." This letter is given in the memoir, with other documents relating to the year 1826. Returning to the previous year, a memorandum, dated August 3, 1825, is now published, containing the agreement to establish a morning paper, the property in which was to be in the following proportions: Mr. Murray one-half, Mr. Powles one-quarter, Mr. Disraeli one-quarter; each party contributing to the expense, capital, and risk in these proportions; the paper to be published by, and to be under the management of, Mr. Murray.

Mr. Disraeli undertook to find an editor, and went to Scotland for this purpose.

We can imagine the surprise, if not amusement, of both Scott and Lockhart, when, instead of Isaac D'Israeli whom they expected, there appeared a young man such as pictures of the period and descriptions by Lady Morgan and other contemporaries have made familiar to us.

Disraeli left under sanguine belief that his mission had been successful. On returning to London, he helped to make the arrangements for starting the paper. But not long afterwards a letter came from Sir Walter Scott, saying that he could not conceive it possible that his son-in-law should "leave Scotland on the speculation of becoming editor of a newspaper." Lockhart himself wrote: "Every hour that has elapsed since the idea was first started has only served to deepen the feeling with which I at the first moment re-

garded it." In short the offered post was declined, and the eager negotiator had deceived both himself and his patron. Worse was to follow. After a short season of bustling activity, Mr. Disraeli disappeared from the scene. There has always been a gap in the record of this period of his career. The truth is now for the first time given by Mr. Smiles from the Murray papers:—

The emancipation of the Spanish Colonies in South America gave rise to much speculation in the money market, and shares, stocks, and loans were issued to an unlimited extent. Mr. Benjamin Disraeli seems to have thrown himself into the vortex, for he became connected with at least one financing firm in the City, that of Messrs. Powles, and employed his abilities in writing several pamphlets on the subject. This led to his inducing Powles to embark with him in the scheme of a daily paper.

But when the time came, neither Mr. Disraeli nor "his friend in the City" came forward, and Mr. Murray was left to bear the burden of care and cost alone. He was too far committed with the public, as well as with helpers, to suppress the scheme. His health broke down under the strain. The usual publishing business was neglected, letters remained unanswered, and manuscripts unread. Even the *Quarterly* might be endangered. It was a mighty relief when the ill-starred paper stopped. It was doomed to failure from the beginning. Mr. S. C. Hall, who had been engaged as one of the reporters, says in his "Retrospect of a Long Life": "The day before the issue of the first number Mr. Murray might have obtained a very large sum for a share of the copyright, of which he was the sole proprietor. The day after the issue the copyright was worth comparatively nothing. . . . Editor there was literally none from the beginning to the end. The first number supplied conclusive evidence of the utter absence of editorial tact."

The very name of the paper was a blunder. There have been many abortive attempts since that time to start new daily papers, and there may be other efforts in the same direction, so that the frank revelations about the *Representative* may be of practical use.

At no period in John Murray's life did the nobility of his character shine with greater lustre than when this temporary eclipse of judgment passed away. His pecuniary loss he bore with much equanimity. Health of body and peace of mind were soon restored to him. In a

letter to Washington Irving, excusing himself for delay in replying to a communication, he said :—

The cause of my not writing to you during one whole year was my entanglement with a newspaper, which absorbed my money, and distracted and depressed my mind; but I have cut the knot of evil, which I could not untie, and am now, by the blessing of God, again returned to reason and the shop.

And to his friend Sharon Turner he wrote :—

I am disposed to consider this apparent misfortune as one of that chastening class which, if borne wisely, may be productive of great good; and I feel confidently that, as it has rekindled my ancient ardor in business, a very few months will enable me to replace the temporary loss, and make me infinitely the gainer, if I profit by the prudential lesson which this whole affair is calculated to teach.

He was generous enough to give a soft answer to an angry threat from Isaac D'Israeli, and magnanimous enough to forgive the son whom he said "he had loved not wisely, but too well." Benjamin Disraeli, though he published his first novel, "Vivian Grey," through Colburn, returned to Albemarle Street, and Mr. Murray published his "Contarini Fleming" at the urgent solicitation of the author, on most favorable terms.

It is only fair to add that Mr. Disraeli, as soon as he had the means, paid to Mr. Murray £150 for printing the Powles pamphlets and prospectuses; and in his subsequent career as a statesman more than justified the anticipations of his early friend.

Fortunately the other business of the house was not much affected by the newspaper speculation. The *Quarterly Review* had been increasingly prosperous under the editorship of Mr. Gifford, and his successor Mr. John Taylor Coleridge, who resigned after four years on account of his absorbing professional engagements, eventually to become one of the judges of the Court of Queen's Bench. Mr. Lockhart was offered the appointment, and he accepted the office very soon after refusing the editorship of the *Representative*. Neither he nor Sir Walter Scott had the slightest hesitancy this time, and though some doubts as to his taste and judgment were muttered, on account of his connection with the less sedate staff of *Blackwood* in its early years, he soon showed his fitness for the higher work which he had now to undertake. Though only thirty years of age on his appointment in 1825, he commanded the respect of almost all

the veterans of literature, and, what was of more consequence, he had the complete confidence of the publisher, and he continued to edit the *Quarterly* till his own death in 1854.

Another successful series of publications were the "Handbooks" of Continental travel, the predecessors of the more familiar "Guides" of our own day. It was John Murray the second who gave the name, and also the red binding, familiar to all tourists. In the preparation of the handbooks the publisher took great personal interest, and much pleasure and advantage he obtained from his Continental expeditions.

Occasionally the publications of Mr. Murray were not successful from a financial point of view, as with Crabbe's poems, for which he gave three thousand guineas. But he had no regret for this loss, having the highest esteem for the worthy poet and his writings.

A very large portion of Mr. Smiles's book is occupied with matters pertaining to Lord Byron, but there is little that is new, with the exception of letters not before published. In Moore's "Life and Letters of Byron," Lord John Russell's "Life of Moore," in J. Cordy Jeaffreson's "The Real Lord Byron," also in memoirs and magazine articles innumerable, the details of the poet's life, and comments on his works, have been given with almost wearisome repetition. It was of course necessary to bring together in this biography all that concerned his dealings with Mr. Murray, who from the beginning, while yet in Fleet Street, to the last sad end, was as true a friend as Byron ever had. The letters now published show how intimate were the relations between the poet and the publisher, and the whole intercourse and correspondence are to the honor of both of them. From Murray the poet accepted rebukes and protests that he would not have brooked from any other adviser, though he unfortunately did not always follow the advice faithfully given.

In the famous scene of the burning of Byron's private journals, for which the publisher had paid two thousand guineas to Moore, Mr. Murray had regard not merely to the appeals of the relatives, but also to his own desire to save his friend's reputation from further disgrace. The sum paid to Moore was a slight sacrifice compared with the loss of profits from issuing what the scandal-loving public would have eagerly purchased. The account in the present work is brief. After much preliminary negotiation.

The meeting at length took place in Murray's drawing-room, on May 17, 1824. There were present Mr. Murray, Mr. Moore, Mr. J. Cam Hobhouse, Colonel Doyle representing Lady Byron, Mr. Wilmot Horton representing Mrs. Leigh, and Mr. Luttrell, a friend of Moore. Young Mr. Murray—then sixteen, the only person of those assembled now living—was also in the room. The discussion was long and stormy before the meeting broke up, and nearly led to a challenge between Moore and Hobhouse. A reference to the agreement between Moore and Murray being necessary, for a long period that document could not be found; it was at length discovered, but only after the decision to commit the manuscript to the flames had been made and carried out, and the party remained until the last sheet of Lord Byron's *Memoires* had vanished in smoke up the Albemarle Street chimney.

When the agreement was inspected it was seen that Murray had the complete control of the property, and could dispose of it as he pleased, so that "he behaved most handsomely upon the occasion," as Byron's sister, Mrs. Leigh, said. The money was not repaid by the Byron family as was expected. Moore got the two thousand guineas advanced by the Longmans, and he handed to Mr. Murray the amount, together with interest, before he left the room.

As John Murray the son, the present Mr. Murray, has just been referred to, we may here give another interesting recollection of his early days. It was in April, 1815, when he was scarcely ten years old, that Byron and Scott met for the first time, and were introduced to each other by Mr. Murray. The son says:—

I can recollect seeing Lord Byron in Albemarle Street. So far as I can remember, he appeared to me rather a short man, with a handsome countenance, remarkable for the fine blue veins which ran over his pale marble temples. He wore many rings on his fingers, and a brooch in his shirt-front, which was embroidered. When he called, he used to be dressed in a black dress-coat (as we should now call it), with grey, and sometimes nankeen trousers, his shirt open at the neck. Lord Byron's deformity in his foot was very evident, especially as he walked down-stairs. He carried a stick. After Scott and he had ended their conversation in the drawing-room, it was a curious sight to see the two greatest poets of the age—both lame—stumping down-stairs side by side. They continued to meet in Albemarle Street nearly every day, and remained together for two or three hours at a time.

Young Murray, as he then was, has another remarkable incident of his early days to remember. When a student at

the University of Edinburgh he was taken by Mr. Allan, the painter, to the Theatrical Fund dinner, in 1827, when Sir Walter Scott, on his health being proposed by Lord Meadowbank, one of the Scottish judges, for the first time made public confession of his being "the author of *Waverley*." The whole scene is most graphically described in a letter to his father. The secret of the "Great Unknown" had been maintained till then before the general public, although it was known to not a few personal friends. The revelations in the law courts, after the disclosure of the affairs of the Ballantynes and Constables, rendered any longer concealment useless.

Murray's first introduction to Byron was under amusing circumstances. The poet's friend Dallas was entrusted with the negotiation for publishing the first two cantos of "*Childe Harold*." The manuscript was offered to Miller, who declined it, and accepted a poem by Rosa Matilda Temple, which Murray had refused to take. Miller's purchase was sold the year after as waste-paper. The copyright was purchased from Dallas for a large price, Byron being, or affecting to be, totally indifferent as to money transactions. After the arrangement was concluded Byron came to Fleet Street.

The first time Mr. Murray saw him was when he called one day with Mr. Hobhouse. He afterwards looked in from time to time, while the sheets were passing through the press, fresh from the fencing-rooms of Angelo and Jackson, and used to amuse himself by renewing his practice of "*Carte and Tierce*," with his walking-cane directed against the book-shelves, while Murray was reading passages from the poem, with occasional ejaculations of admiration, on which Byron would say, "You think that a good idea, do you, Murray?" Then he would fence and lunge with his walking-stick at some special book which he had picked out on the shelves before him. As Murray afterwards said, "I was often very glad to get rid of him!"

Of the success of the poem Byron was himself very dubious, and he was with difficulty persuaded to allow his name to appear as the author. This was partly from fear of the critics, the chief of whom he had satirized in his "*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*." But in a few days after publication the whole edition was disposed of, and the critics had only to echo the universal outburst of admiration. "I awoke one morning and found myself famous," was the poet's own word in his note-book. Edition after edition

went off in rapid succession, and the reputation of that early poem is as great now as when it first appeared. We may add that none of his subsequent poems raised him to a loftier position in the temple of fame. Of "Childe Harold" it may be said, as Byron himself said of an earlier poet:—

Had Gray written nothing but his Elegy, high as he stands, I am not sure that he would stand higher; it is the corner-stone of his glory.

The conclusion of the Byron-Moore transaction may just be mentioned. Moore, as usual, being pressed for money, sought reconciliation with Murray, through the intercession of Hobhouse. The Longmans generously released Moore from the engagement to write a life of Byron, for which Murray agreed to give £2,000, besides repaying the two thousand guineas advanced for the burned memoirs, an offer which Moore, in his diary, justly describes as most liberal. The Messrs. Longman said: "Do not let us stand in the way; it is our wish to see you free from debt, and it would be only for this work that we would be separated." So ended the affair, in a way honorable and satisfactory to all concerned.

With not a few of the most distinguished literary ladies of his time John Murray had business relations, and to them also he was the friend as well as the publisher. The greatest was Mrs. Somerville, whose first book, "The Mechanism of the Heavens," founded on the great work of Laplace, was prepared for the Society of Useful Knowledge at the instance of Brougham, but being too large for that series of publications was sent to Albemarle Street. A letter was enclosed with Herschel's opinion of the book. Brougham was so sanguine of success that he said he could ensure the sale of fifteen hundred; but Mrs. Somerville agreed with the more cautious proposal of the publisher that an edition of seven hundred and fifty would be more prudent. The author had no risk, and the profit was handed over to her, Mr. Murray saying to Dr. Somerville, "I am overpaid by the honor of being the publisher of the work of so extraordinary a person." His liberality had its reward in the success of her subsequent works, especially "On the Connection of the Physical Sciences." Her portrait, painted by Phillips, R.A., adorns the Albemarle Street gallery.

About the same time as Mrs. Somerville's introduction, Frances Ann Kemble,

better known as Fanny Kemble, daughter of Charles Kemble, became one of Mr. Murray's regular correspondents. When only seventeen years of age she wrote an historical drama, "Francis the First," for the copyright of which Mr. Murray, after submitting the manuscript to the Rev. H. H. Milman, offered four hundred guineas. The youthful authoress was astonished at the great liberality of the publisher, and she was the more thankful that it enabled her to purchase a commission in the army for one of her brothers. Before the book was issued she appeared for the first time on the stage as Juliet, when she was only eighteen years old. On the publication of "Francis the First," it was at once received with much favor, and at least ten editions appeared within a few years. A copy was sent to Joanna Baillie, at Hampstead, who wrote to Mr. Murray her warmest thanks for the pleasure she had received. It was probably through Fanny Kemble's introduction that her brother, John Kemble, the learned Anglo-Saxon scholar, had the advantage of Mr. Murray being publisher of his works.

Fanny Kemble, after appearing at the principal theatres in England, went to America, and was there married to Mr. Pierce Butler, a Southern planter and proprietor. She soon after quitted the stage, but continued her literary activity, and her books were published by Mr. Murray, and also in America in order to secure the copyright there.

Our space precludes us from more than the mere mention of some of the other literary ladies corresponding with Mr. Murray, and they form certainly a most miscellaneous list, including the Hon. Mrs. Norton, Jane Austen, Miss Berry (editing Horace Walpole's "Reminiscences"), Lady Eastlake, and Mrs. Rundle, whose "Domestic Cookery" was one of the most profitable of all the publications of the house.

This notice has been rather discursive, but so is the book itself. Mr. Smiles must have found it no easy task to reduce his mass of materials to any kind of biographical order. Nor has he attempted to do so. Often he has, after finishing one subject, to hark back some years to take up another. But the general effect of the memoir is excellent. We see how great a heritage devolved upon Mr. Murray's successors, while to other publishing firms an example is left of enterprise, liberality, and honor.

JAMES MACAULAY, M.D.

From The Fortnightly Review.  
BULGARS AND SERBS.\*

My first residence in Sofia was the Hotel Imperial in the Rakovska Ulitza, historically the principal street of the capital. At the top right-hand corner stands the Russian Legation, a solid, square-looking pile in grey stone looking out over the Balkans to the north, and Mount Vitosh to the south. Since the withdrawal of the imperial commissioner and military instructors, it has remained untenanted except by the cavasses and Russian settlers. Its shuttered windows and closed iron gates mark the continued protest of the white czar against the powers that now be in Sofia. Walking past one afternoon with M. Stamboloff, he glanced at the building and, struck with a sudden recollection, remarked:—

"It was on just such a day that the battle of Slivnitsa was fought—a glorious sun, not a breath of wind, and the roar of the cannon sounding as close as if they were not a kilometre distant. I had driven in from the field in the morning with Major H—, and we both thought the Serbs must have made some flank movement, and be approaching from the opposite direction to that by which we expected them. It was, I suppose, some peculiar echo from the Vitosh. After seeing M. Tsanoff (minister for foreign affairs), I sent him to the Russian Agency for advice, and then returned myself to the battle. Tsanoff was badly received, and all he got was a shrug of the shoulders, and a curt rejoinder: 'Even if the Serbs were already at the gates, as they will be soon, I will undertake to send them back if your ministry will depose Prince Alexander.' This was not to be thought of, and he left at once in a rage. At five o'clock he received my telegram announcing our complete victory. He jumped into a carriage, and, with my message in his hand, went straight to the Legation. There he found M. Koyander, with all his staff, and several ladies, taking their afternoon tea in the drawing-room. 'Congratulate us,' he cried, as he entered, 'we have won the day.' 'Impossible! What a shame!' was Koyander's reply. That was all the sympathy we had from our Russian protectors."

The next house to the Russian Legation

is that of Madame Teneff, once Madame Panitza. It was the scene of the theatrical arrest of the major by the prime minister himself in the dead of night. The danger of the partially revealed plot was imminent and of unknown proportions, and Panitza's violent character made the question of his seizure a difficult one. There was no time to lose, and rather than trust to subordinate officials who might be either in league with the culprit or cowed by his bluster, M. Stamboloff decided to act himself. Unarmed and alone he entered the bedroom, and bade Panitza follow him as his prisoner. A loaded revolver was lying on a table beside the bed, but the desperado never thought of resisting the cool command of a courage superior to his own. It would be hard to find a better instance of the power of moral prestige. A friend of Panitza's afterwards asked his wife why she at least had not seized the opportunity and "shot down the ruffian," adding that it would have been quite legitimate, since Stamboloff's presence was burglarious. But the same supreme disregard of personal danger which had paralyzed the man had also subdued the woman. Then comes the Hotel Vitosh, once kept by Arnaoudoff, who, convicted of participation in the conspiracy, was expelled. It was a well-known rendezvous for revolutionaries, and is now closed awaiting better times. When the Russian Legation takes down its shutters, the Hotel Vitosh may follow suit. Going on, we have the Octroi Station on the left, and the house of M. Grékoff, minister for foreign affairs, on the right. Lower down, the new club house of the "Slavianska Beséda," where a Bohemian opera troupe performs on such nights as the great hall is not engaged for public balls, and on the right the Union Club, of more modest appearance, the daily resort of most of the diplomatic corps and resident foreigners, with an equal contingent of leading Bulgarians. Next door lives M. Guesshoff, ex-minister of finance and a brilliant scholar, and we pass the Italian Legation with its familiar tame eagle in the courtyard, to come to the Central Post and Telegraph Station. Nearly opposite is the *Utchastuk*, or guard-house, where Panitza was confined after his attempt to bribe the gaolers of the Black Mosque. It was here that by special favor I had an interview with him before the trial commenced, in order to obtain denial or confirmation of the stories that were being circulated of his maltreatment. These he denied totally, and seemed in good health, with that con-

\* It would perhaps be more correct to style the following pages extracts from a casual note-book, since I have not trusted to memory for the details of conversations, all of which were jotted down at the time, and may be taken as almost verbatim reports. Rather than change the speakers' words, I have preferred simply to reproduce them, which will explain and excuse their frequent bluntness of style.



fidence in his own salvation which prisoners in his case so often display. Lastly, at the right-hand bottom corner of the street proper, before it winds away to lose itself in the fields, lies the house of the prime minister himself.

It is a small, unpretentious, whitewashed villa with green venetians and nothing to mark it from a hundred similar ones except the presence of the sentries who patrol the two sides open to the road. The visitor hands his card to one of these, who rings and passes it through the door opened just half an inch wide. In a minute comes the answer, either "cannot receive" or "walk in." The short halt on the doorstep represents the usual half hour or more cut to waste in a *Salle des Pas perdus*, and the guest enters forthwith. If somebody is already engaged with the master of the house, he is shown into a side room with a table and a couple of chairs, looking out into the back garden, where a peasant girl is hanging out the clothes on the bushes to dry. There is never long to wait, though, before the communicating door opens and a cheery voice invites him to pass. After the usual handshake M. Stamboloff subsides into a rocking-chair, and if in a happy mood, talks and rocks indefinitely till disturbed by a fresh call. The study where he receives is the cosy room of a worker. One angle is crossed by the writing-table under which a magnificent bearskin carpets the floor, and a repeating rifle leans against the wall ready to hand. The plain deal boards on trestles which take up another side of the room are littered with maps and plans for the ports of Varna and Bourgas, and various municipal schemes, together with a heterogeneous pile of the day's letters and telegrams, which arrive every few moments. A huge cupboard full of State papers and surmounted by a stuffed owl completes the furniture. In personal appearance M. Stamboloff is short and thick-set, with a rapidly growing tendency to stoutness. He was once very thin; "before he married," as he remarks with a twinkle in his eyes; but marriage and the quiet of home, in exchange for the somewhat riotous living of his youth, have marvellously agreed with him. His hair is thinning over his capacious forehead and is clipped close on his cheeks, leaving a small imperial, and moustache not thick enough to hide the mouth. His eyes are small and set deep under heavy brows, whilst he has a habit of half closing them, which makes them look smaller still. It is only when angered that they

open fully and blaze like flame. His voice is low but clear, and his usual delivery rapid. In ordinary talk, he seldom raises his monotone, but in public speaking, or when animated, his organ is flexible, and, aided by look and gesture, very expressive.

Such is a rough sketch of the outer man on whose energy and self-control the fate of the Balkan Peninsula has really depended for several years past. Any swerving from the policy he has upheld would quickly embroil Bulgaria with her neighbors; any false step towards the powers might bring about a general war. It requires inexhaustible patience to deal with provocations from Bulgaria's equals amongst the nations, and no common firmness to resist alike threats and promises from her superiors. These qualities M. Stamboloff possesses to an extraordinary degree, all the more extraordinary when we consider that the earlier years of his life were passed as an artisan and an exile, and that they were called into requisition and put to the supremest tests before he had reached the age when most of our European statesmen had only begun their training. Even now he is only five-and-thirty, having already been in possession of almost dictatorial powers for three years.

For M. Stamboloff's policy and manner of carrying it out, I cannot do better than quote his own words from my note-book, where I find him saying on March 1st. 1890:—

"The story of our trying to dissemble Russian participation in the Panitz plot is most ridiculous. Indeed I do not know what we could do that we have not done, and that we are not doing, to show our contempt for Russia, and our resolve not to be bullied by her. We are a little State, but we form an impenetrable barrier, so long as we subsist, to Russian advance. My own idea was, long before I came to power, and will be to the end, though I may never see its realization, a Confederation of the Balkan States. Singly, it seems to me, they must inevitably fall, and when they are out of the way Russia can do what she likes with Constantinople. And just as we are necessary to Constantinople, so are the Turks necessary to us. Another power at Stamboul, Russia, England, Germany—any other—would mean the end of Balkan nationalities. We are anxious to keep up the bond with Turkey if she will only for once shake off her lethargy and indecision and help us. We want no mate-

rial help, but merely the moral support of her recognition of our *status*. It has cost us enough to arrive at what we are, and it has cost Turkey nothing. I am urged to declare the independence at once, but I may tell you that we have appealed to the Porte lately, within the last fortnight, to recognize the prince. We have no answer; I do not suppose we shall get one. It is the eternal shilly-shally of Stamboul which ruins them and us. If, however, the Porte refuses, I do not say that we shall not be forced to declare ourselves free. How would it be done? Not openly at first, but merely by omitting to pay the tribute. This would open the door to official explanations, and we could, and should, say that if the parent threw off the child, the child would decline any longer to recognize the parent. I do not know what the result would be at first, but I am sure that all Bulgaria would be with us. The present situation is so intolerable that it cannot last. Leaving the government out of the question, the strain on the prince is prodigious. It is not fair to him to have to run all the risks and bear all the burdens of Prince of Bulgaria without being recognized as such. There are very few men who would do it. I may frankly say that I doubt if I would myself, but he has determined never to leave, and you may be quite sure that he will die at Sofia, whether as recognized prince or uncrowned ruler. And why, in Heaven's name, should not the powers agree to his recognition? It is merely the timidity of Turkey and the rage of Russia, both hypocritically backing themselves up by the Berlin Treaty. It has been infringed often enough for us not to have any very delicate scruples about the letter of it. The spirit of the infraction—as far at least as Bulgaria is concerned—was recognized years ago. The fact is, that Russia has been mistaken all through about Bulgaria. Her first idea was to get hold of Servia, but failing there, she hoped to get a tool in a new State, which she created for no other purpose, quite forgetting that when once endowed with political shape and form and material strength, Bulgaria had brains to see that salvation lay, not with Russia, but rather with Turkey. Russia has never yet been able to swallow this pill, but with idiotic obstinacy continues to attempt to blindfold and gag us, and to persuade all Europe that we ought to be nothing else than an advanced guard for her."

At this time things were wearing rather a dispiriting aspect, and from the preceding conversation it will be seen that the

mind of the premier was already more than half made up concerning the despatch of the final note some months later demanding the appointment of the Macedonian bishops and the recognition of the prince, of which more anon. He has often been blamed for precipitancy in the election of Prince Ferdinand against Russia's expressed disapproval, and on this head I find him saying: "We had immense difficulties in the past under the regency, before electing a prince. All the foreign diplomatic agents tried to dissuade me from the step. But my argument was that a regency represented essentially by its very nature, a temporary and provisional rule, and it was not under a regency that Bulgaria could ever hope to be free. We must have a prince, with a prospect of a dynasty, and it was not easy to find one. At first we wanted King Charles of Roumania. We offered him the throne, but he refused. At one time we would even have taken King Milan, not knowing his character, but after the Servian war it was impossible to put the king of the vanquished over us, the victors, and we were lucky to have been saved from him." And again, on another occasion: "As far as Bulgaria internally is concerned everybody recognizes the prince, who was duly elected by ourselves in National Assembly. The only reason, in fact, I want him recognized by the Porte, is to be able to shake the people's belief in the prestige of Russia. They have been accustomed to look on the power of Russia as next, and nearly equal, to that of God. Russia has said that Prince Ferdinand shall not be recognized, and I wish to show that Russia's word is not infallible nor her will omnipotent."

A few days after the despatch of the first spring note M. Stamboloff said: "When M. Vulkovitch handed my letter to the grand vizier he was probably somewhat disturbed, and communicated his feelings to the ambassadors. It was thus that it reached Berlin. Up till now no notice has been taken of our request. I remain entirely of the same opinions which I have already expressed. Some ministers merely retain their portfolios for the glory of sitting in the seat of office, but one who undertakes the duties with the will and determination of doing his best for the country, does not shrink from responsibility. I have never shrunk from mine, and never will, and I repeat that unless the Porte makes concessions, we will declare our independence. It promised three years ago to recognize the prince

we should elect, and it has never done so. I do not fear the consequences of declaring independence so much as those of inaction. If his Majesty the sultan were to write to me three hundred times that he would declare war, I should not believe it. Because what could he gain? Merely, at the very uttermost, the re-establishment of the *status quo*—of the Treaty of Berlin—viz., a discontented eastern Roumelia, which would inevitably wait and watch for the day when it could once more unite with us in a Bulgaria which would never again be content to remain as it began first. In other words, the Porte would re-enter into the enjoyment of its tribute of three millions (which would be paid much more regularly if it recognized the prince), and which, in any case, are of no personal value to the sultan, since they go direct to the pockets of foreign bondholders. Putting aside, for argument's sake, the easy alternative of recognition, and supposing the case of our throwing off the suzerainty, would it be worth while for the Porte to make war for its miserable three millions, which are all that it would lose, and to really advance Russia to a hundred kilometres of Constantinople? And would the other powers permit her to declare war for such an object? I will even allow, if you like, that the powers will be furious with us, and leave us to fight it out with Turkey. There are precedents which show that tens of thousands have beaten hundreds of thousands. Take Shahin Pasha, with his ten thousand men at Adrianople, who utterly routed the hundred thousand opposed to him, and pursued them to Philippopolis. Still I do not say that we should beat the Turks, but our army would give them a great deal of trouble, and we should fight it out to the bitter end if it came to an invasion. And if we were conquered we should not be worse off than before—that is, we should immediately find ourselves in the predicament we are now struggling to avoid: a Russian occupation, for that is what would ensue very quickly if the Turks attacked us. I need not go on with this side of the question. The *pros* and *cons* are as plain to you as to me. In imagining the possibility of a war with Turkey, I am stretching my fancy a long way, for I do not believe it could ever happen. We are destined to be friends, and I am confident that we shall become so." And later, on the same subject. "*Ceteris paribus*, Bulgaria will prefer the risk of war to the risk of a Russian occupation, the more so as the latter is approaching within meas-

urable distance, and I am not at all sure that the proclamation of independence would bring about war. At least not with Turkey. With Serbia! Yes. I am tolerably sure that as soon as we proclaimed we should be attacked by Serbia, urged on by Russia, *unless*, and it is a big *unless*, Austria threatened Belgrade. You can understand that Austria could hardly look on with indifference at a Russian Serbia conquering Bulgaria. I believe Passitch is now arranging for some such eventual-ity at St. Petersburg. We shall at any rate not make any decisive move without being well prepared. As for Passitch I have a great contempt for him. I expelled him once from Bulgaria as a vagabond, and last summer he came here without any official character, not then being even president of the Skuptshina, as he is now. He called on me, and proposed to me to act with Serbia in seizing Macedonia, and dividing it between us. I replied that before dividing other countries, it behoved us to look to our own, that at present neither did Serbia belong to the Serbs, nor Bulgaria to the Bulgars. At this he stared open-mouthed. I added that it might be pleasant enough to make an excursion into Macedonia, but simultaneously Russia might make her appearance at Varna, and Austria at Belgrade, and therefore for the present, instead of tearing each other's crests like fighting cocks, for the amusement of the great powers, or making bootless filibustering expeditions, we had better take more care at home. For the rest I bade him note that whereas I was a minister he was nobody, and I declined to discuss the field of general politics with him. He then asked what message he was to take back to General Griutch, and I replied to give him my best wishes and advice above all things to restrain his ardor. That sort of uncredited, irresponsible agent is a very dangerous instrument to meddle with. I remember when Kaulbars was here that he sent me a message that I was to receive a certain Bogdanoff, and make future arrangements with him. At that time I was lodged at the telegraph office from morning till night, and I answered that not only would I not treat with him, but I refused to have any intercourse with such a scoundrel, and I gave strict orders he should not be allowed inside the office."

Again during the progress of the Panitz trial, which was a most anxious time for the government, M. Stamboloff, referring to the machinations of Russia and

the masterly inaction of the powers, who seemed to take it all as a matter of course, put forth his reasons for decisive action as follows :—

"I have been waiting for the great European war for five years now, knowing that it will settle once and for all the Eastern question. Ever since 1876 we have been told that it is imminent, and I have been holding on, but I do not really see that it is much nearer now than then. There are no tangible signs given by the great powers of anything but an immense desire for peace at any price—the price to be paid by the small fry! They can afford to wait and sacrifice us whilst they are getting ready; but our point of view is different. It is for this reason that I foresee that if nobody will help us we shall be forced to make a bid for our independence, for we cannot continue the game of patience much longer, with our hands tied, whilst Russia is actively undermining the roots of our national liberty. . . . I shall not tell anybody exactly when I shall take the step. It will not be this year, except under unbearable pressure. We can resist for three years longer, perhaps even for five, without recognition of the prince or independence, but it would be a perpetual struggle and watch. You must understand that it is not for the prince, nor the government, nor the people that I must declare. It is for the army. Prince Alexander fell through shutting his eyes to the possibility of treason. Two months before his abdication I was with him at Tirnovo, and he expressed his fears of a revolt amongst the population of eastern Roumelia. 'Sire,' I answered, 'there neither is, nor ever will be, danger from the people. It is from the army that you may look for it.' He turned his back upon me in anger, declaring 'his children' would never be false to him. He was always repeating his faith in his 'children.' Afterwards, when we two were seated in the victoria which was conveying him on his last journey out of Bulgaria, I reminded him of our talk. He hid his face in his hands, and muttered: 'Ah, yes, you were right, and knew them better than I did; but I could never have believed it.'"

Continuing from my notes I find him saying, in discussing the evidence brought to light at the Panitza trial: "The first thing I heard on my return from Philippopolis was that a letter from Zankoff had been found among the papers of the old man Kissimoff, chancellor of the Red Cross Society. It is curious how he could keep such a compromising document, after

the arrest of his son only four or five days previously. It reminds me of the time when I was an exile in Roumania, and I knew a notorious bandit who had committed numberless murders. He always carried about him, in a back pocket, a dagger with which he had killed fourteen people. I once asked him what was the good of doing so, as it might serve as evidence against him some day. He answered that truly it was no good to him, but it brought him good luck. Just so, also, the other day we found a heap of Russian correspondence, neatly tied up and docketed, at Ozunoff's. When interrogated how he could be such a fool, he explained that he had thought perhaps the Russians might come some day, and they would prove how he had served them. Talking of Roumania brings back to me a comical scene which I once had in the Café Salis, at Bucharest. I was, with many other Bulgarians at that time, a political refugee, and one of the local papers published an article saying that all of us were either fugitives from motives of cowardice, or else traitors working against our country. This was exactly the opposite of the truth, as we had come there in order to work the better, as the result proved. At any rate, I demanded from the editor the name of the writer of the article in question, and he said he would give it me that evening at seven o'clock in the café. When he came though he refused to tell me, so I said: 'Then you are responsible, and as I know if I challenged you to a duel you would not accept, I will force you to challenge me,' and struck him several times, ending up by spitting in his face. The orchestra stopped playing, and there was a great hubbub in the café, but I never heard any more from my editor. There are some affairs which need quicker reparation than any tribunals can give. I myself have four times challenged men to a dual, and each time publicly chastised them on their refusal."

With two more characteristic little speeches I will leave M. Stamboloff. The first was at the close of the court martial:—

"I am vexed at the result of the court martial. I myself went over all the papers, and know the *dossier* by heart, better than any of the lawyers or members of the court. If the men had done nothing I should not have sent them for trial. And then the procureur coolly gets up and withdraws the charges against half of the prisoners. It is not his business to withdraw charges, forsooth! He has an in-

dictment given to him by the war minister, and he has to support it. He has no authority to withdraw accusations his minister has made. And then the court, having before them a crew who openly avow that they intended to betray their oath and dethrone their prince, condemn only one to death, and recommend a commutation of his sentence. They allow themselves to be moved to pity by the thought of Panitza's wife and children, and past services. But I, too, have services, and a wife and children! Am I for that reason to attempt to assassinate my superiors, to violate my oath, to risk throwing my country into a state of civil war, or into the arms of a foreign power, and then, when I am found out just in time to stop me, to get up in public and say that 'I think I was right, but that if you want to punish me you must remember my family'?"

And the second was the day after Sir W. White passed through Sofia on leave of absence, and it was not deemed judicious for M. Stamboloff to meet him and travel in the same train:—

"So your ambassador is not allowed to speak to me. It is only another mark of the pariah brand Europe has set upon us. But it is about time to finish the play. I, for one, have had enough, and have just sent off our last note to Turkey. She can do what she likes, but if she refuses to fulfil her duties towards us she will never see a penny of the next instalment of tribute. It is ridiculous that Russia's veto should be able to frighten all the powers out of their senses, and prevent the recognition of our rights. At any rate I am not afraid—I never have been yet in my life—to do what I thought I had a right to do. I am certain the Porte will never move actively against us. It would be very foolish if she did. She might suppress our first attempt at independence, but she could only do so at the alternative cost of throwing the country either more under the influence of the prince, or of Russia, probably the latter, and what would she gain by that?"

It was this note, despatched in the middle of June, against the strong remonstrances of most of the foreign diplomatic agents, and under a temporary impulse of anger, which has brought about the vastly improved relations which now exist with the Ottoman Porte. M. Stamboloff had always insisted on the expediency of some such quasi-ultimatum, but he had been held back by the counsels of the powers, who feared the consequences of forcing Turkey's hand. It was only when he de-

cided to act upon his own initiative that he proved how rightly he had judged the situation. As all the world knows, the note was followed by the granting of Berats to the Bulgarian bishops in Macedonia, and an immense increase, not easily calculated, of Bulgarian prestige, not only in that province but throughout the Balkans. Since that triumph all opposition to M. Stamboloff and his policy has practically ceased, and with the exception of occasional fretful notes from Russia the political affairs of the principality have progressed with excellent smoothness. As long as Bulgaria retains her remarkable premier there is little fear for her future, but a larger measure of support from friendly powers in the just, and truly Homeric, combat he sustains would render his task lighter, and go towards postponing the prophesied Armageddon.

Two other well-known figures in Sofia are those of M. Isanoff and Dr. Strausky, both ex-ministers of foreign affairs. I have already mentioned the former's visit to the Russian Legation on the day of the battle of Slivnitsa. He has himself confirmed to me the story, and added that the perturbation which reigned that day was indescribable. There was some interruption in the telegraph service and no news had come in since noon. The minister climbed the tower which stood by the office, and anxiously watched the cannon smoke rolling thickly over the plain. "At last," he said, "I could stand it no longer, and called the chief clerk, telling him that if he failed to get me news in a quarter of an hour he would be dismissed and punished. The fault was really not his, but he saw I was in no humor to be answered. Ten minutes later, however, came the message of victory from M. Stamboloff, and my clerk got a present instead of punishment." Talking on another occasion of Prince Alexander's devotion to his army, M. Isanoff remarked: "It was always the prince's weak point to trust too wholly those whom he believed to be his friends. Just before the Servian War I used to hold long conversations with him through the telegraph, and I was continually warning him of Servian preparations. His invariable reply was that it was all a *blague*, and that *son cher ami* Milan could never be thinking of attacking him." M. Isanoff lives a quiet, retired life, as in fact do all the ex-ministers in Bulgaria, in this respect differing considerably from their fellows of other countries, who as soon as they are out of office generally devote their energies to attempting to regain it.



Dr. Strausky, who resigned last year, was for some time agent at Belgrade, and for three years all but a day or two held the foreign affairs portfolio, thus being, at the time of his retirement, the minister who had longest kept his seat in this country of changes and revolutions. He is a man of taciturn disposition, but a close acquaintance with him always dispelled the unfavorable impression he was wont to create at first, and I believe everybody was sorry when he exchanged the cares of State for his favorite pursuit of horticulture, and his ministerial chair for the corner in the Café Panachoff where he is to be regularly seen at noon. One of his *bon-mots* will long be remembered at Sofia. It was when a foreign agent complained to him of the want of politeness of the Bulgarian palace officials who had not returned his visit. Dr. Strausky pondered for an instant, stroking his long whiskers before replying, "Que voulez-vous, monsieur! ce sont des Français!" In this connection I may remark, *en passant*, that the progress of years has brought no improvement, and that the household of Prince Ferdinand, who presumably exist for no other purpose than to be courteous and to teach the refinements of civilized society to the new court, and through it to the people, are the most flagrant transgressors against the elementary usages of society. I refer principally to their almost invariable rule of neglecting to return visits, which is a small thing in itself, but which has gone very far to raise ill-feeling and damage the reputation of the palace. Probably the prince is unaware of their shortcomings, which contrast so unfavorably with the punctiliousness of Bucharest, and should these lines lead to a reformation, they will have rendered a signal service to his Royal Highness.

Turning now from Sofia to Belgrade, I may also begin my recollections with the street in which I lived. It leads from the Prince Michael Street down to the Save, and is designated by position for one of the principal thoroughfares. It is, however, so abominably paved and so feebly lighted that few who are not forced to take that route ever enter upon its perils. As an instance of what its inhabitants were exposed to, I may relate the following anecdote. I had been passing the evening with some friends, amongst others being the Belgian attaché. About midnight we were returning when we heard shots fired in the distance, but thought little of the fact. Ten minutes after I had

entered, M. B. rushed into my room crying that murder was being committed outside, and related that as he had turned the corner he had heard a hue and a cry, and had commenced to run in the darkness. A bullet soon whistled past him, but he managed to gain our door, which luckily happened to be open. We both went into the front room overlooking the street, and saw a small knot of men standing round the opposite doorway. One of the doors was open inwards. After a short consultation, they knocked at the window, and an old woman handed them out a candle. One of the men then held the candle behind the door whilst a second coolly thrust the muzzle of his rifle in and fired. The shot was followed by a groan, and then a body was dragged out, heels first, and deposited with ribald jests in the road. It proved to be that of an Austrian subject, a harmless, inoffensive individual who was drunk, and had lain down to sleep in the first shelter he had found. There is very little doubt that had M. B. found our door shut and hidden himself as he first intended behind the opposite door, he would have met the same fate. No satisfaction was ever given, and in spite of our combined testimony and that of other eye-witnesses, the local papers appeared with an account of the capture of a desperate brigand who had been killed whilst defending himself against the police, whose courage and vigilance were highly extolled. Such were the delights of residence in the Balkanska Ulitz, a predestined lair for cut-throats and excuse for murder. The principal personages in Serbia, apart from the royal family, are of necessity the regents and ministers. The first regent, M. Lovan Ristitch, has a great reputation for statesmanship and is commonly known as the Little Bismarck. At least he possesses what most of his colleagues and subordinates lack, namely, a certain amount of experience. He had already directed the destinies of Serbia for thirteen years as regent during King Milan's minority, and as his prime minister, before being again called to the regency. On the whole he directed them well, and the lesson he seems to have learnt best is that of keeping himself as much as possible in the background, except on great emergencies. Being in receipt of what for Serbia is an enormous salary, and endowed with a thrifty not to say avaricious temperament, he is scarcely likely to endanger a comfortable position by any too vigorous initiative.

General Belimarkovitch has held minis-

terial portfolios before with varying degrees of credit and otherwise, having once been impeached before the Skupshtina for malversation as minister of war. He is a *bon vivant*, and fond of such inferior public amusements as Belgrade affords, so that anybody who can face the stifling atmosphere of a café where a strolling company may happen to be performing, is tolerably sure of finding the regent, with a pot of beer before him, enjoying the play and ogling the players. His amorous propensities have occasionally given rise to public scandals, but the populace of Belgrade are indulgent to vice in high places, and such incidents create only fleeting impressions which are quickly forgotten.

The third regent, General Protitch, is best known through his wife, to whose fascinations, and his own easy and accommodating temper, rumor ascribes his rapid advancement in rank and his present position. Of the ministers I might write much, having been in frequent contact with most of the Cabinet, but refrain from saying more than that they are on the whole well-meaning and honest, but with a general want of experience and tact which reacts unfavorably on their relations with the outside world, and which leaves them too open to move on sudden impulses, either self-born or implanted by interested third parties. They have little dignity or sense of responsibility, and allow themselves to be swayed by the mob in a way which was nearly put to me once by a diplomatist who knows them well. I was searching for an article in the Constitution when he came up and laughingly cried, "My dear fellow, do not trouble your head about it; it is very simple. There are only three articles. Article I. The regents do what the ministers please; Article II. The ministers do what the Skupshtina pleases; and Article III. The Skupshtina does what it pleases. There you have the whole law and the prophets." And since the abdication of King Milan the above represents the fashion in which Servia is governed accurately enough.

In common with the Bulgars, the Serbs have a rooted mistrust, generally amounting to dislike, of foreigners. But whilst in the case of the former it arises rather from a shyness of displaying inferiority, with the latter it springs from a defiant spirit of at least equality. I have heard a learned and cultured Bulgar modestly say, "We are not so intelligent and quick-

witted as the Serbs, but we reflect more, and we are always ready to listen and learn." I have never heard even the most ignorant Serb confess his inferiority to any man living. It will naturally be understood that I am speaking of the masses of middle class society. In the higher classes, both at Sofia and Belgrade, foreigners are made welcome, and will often find their hosts better informed than themselves. It is in the houses of these leaders of progress that a stranger will experience the freest and pleasantest hospitality, a mixture of the desert welcome of the Bedouin with the comfort and refinement of Europe. The pity is that there are so few of them. The majority of the population of Belgrade appear to pass their lives in the innumerable cafés which line the streets, going from one to the other at stated times, and with such regularity that it is much surer to seek an individual at his favorite haunt than at his office or his home. As a logical consequence it may be imagined that the vice of drunkenness is very rife. In Bulgaria no one is allowed to intoxicate himself till entering upon old age, and any young man who should transgress this tradition would be seriously disgraced. As a matter of fact it is only once a week, after market, that one may find a few old peasants incapable on the highroads, whereas the streets of Belgrade resound with shouts and brawling every evening up till midnight; and as long as the offenders are Serbs, and not foreigners, the police are extremely indulgent. For the latter, however, no pity is shown if he is in the wrong, and scant sympathy if he has cause of complaint. Indeed, it is scarcely advisable for him to go abroad alone at night, or to resort to any place of public amusement except in company of friends. Should he attempt it, the exuberant patriotism of the Serbs would be tolerably sure to find vent in insulting epithets, if not in more active aggression.

Time, however, and a little more friction with the rest of the world will smooth down many of the angularities of these young nations which are apt to strike a visitor with unpleasant and, perhaps, undue force. On the whole, if the reader never carries away more disagreeable recollections from the places of his sojourn than does the writer from the Balkans, he may be congratulated on his good fortune.

A. HULME-BEAMAN.

From Cassell's Magazine.

## A LITTLE LOVE-AFFAIR.

A STORY IN ONE CHAPTER. BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BROKEN ENGAGEMENT," ETC., ETC.

A WINDOW in my study stood open to the fresh spring-weather. I sat listless by it, holding in my hand a letter which had smitten into my heart a new pain, but one that I had long foreseen. My wife had read it with me, and then she had kissed me on the forehead, and left the room without a word. Lucy was just across the lawn, tending some very special chickens that she had there in a run. I watched her till she turned and came towards the window, her sweet young form set against a background of sweet spring foliage. She came and knelt down beside me, and I drew her towards me, and said, —

"I have a letter from India, my love. Colonel Penrose is coming home for a short furlough. He says he shall be in England early in June, and he hopes to come down at once to see us."

The slightest possible flush came over her face, and after a pause she replied, —

"In June? We shall be at Hastings then, father."

"Yes," I said. "I shall send a note to his agents to tell him so, and I dare say he will come down to see us there."

"That will be nicer for him than coming here," said Lucy demurely, and laid her head on my knee, looking out of the window.

"Oh, father!" she said presently, "could I ask Sophie Rayner to come to us at St. Leonards? Will mother be well enough to do with her? I am sure she is in some terrible trouble, though she hasn't told me anything about it, and she has been so ill that she has had to give up all her work."

I was a little puzzled by this outburst of sympathy for a young lady to whom Lucy had never shown herself especially devoted. She was her old schoolfellow, and now a governess in the same school at Warwick. She had spent part of a summer holiday with us three years before, and my wife and I were not particularly fond of her. I demurred rather to the proposed invitation.

"Oh, but it is so wretched for her, father! She says Miss Moulton was just as kind as she could be, but she couldn't possibly stay there when she wasn't able to do any work at all, and now she's in some horrid lodgings in Birmingham, all alone. You know she has no home, and hardly any friends; and I'm sure I don't know what she's living on now."

It was a pitiful appeal, and a letter that was brought out and submitted to me bore it out, and was, moreover, marked with a note of quiet dignity that surprised me, in the writer. This put a new color on the proposal, and I told Lucy she might, at all events, speak to her mother about it.

I had not much doubt how it would then be decided.

These two women were in perfect accord for any act of kindness, and their kindness was certainly not checked, in the present instance, by a suspicion that they entertained as to the nature of Miss Rayner's trouble. I am afraid I was rather bored by their conjectures — their arguments deduced from dark allusions in her letters — but then a man does not take the same interest as a woman in the falseness of man. It was settled, in the end, that she should join us. Something or other, however, prevented her coming at once, and we were not to see her until we had been there some ten days.

June came, and its earliest days found us settled in our temporary home on the breezy hills above St. Leonards. We were daily expecting to see our friend from India. Edward Penrose was an old schoolfellow of mine — that is to say, he was a chubby, curly-haired urchin of the second form when I was a lordly prefect, cultivating whiskers, and preparing for my flight to Oxford. I had rescued him out of the hands of an irate farmer, and given him a severe wigging for the depredations that brought him into danger, and this little incident lingered in his memory. Eight years afterwards a rather grave young man, who had been seated in the baronet's pew at Sutton Byland, waited in the porch for me after service, and claimed me affectionately as a friend. It was the little schoolfellow, whom I had quite forgotten. He soon became a great favorite with my wife, and the chief idol of our little Lucy. He was almost without kinsfolk, and from time to time our home was his. We had seen him grow up into a stern, strong soldier, a little hard, perhaps, to most men, but revealing to us by many a touch the tenderness of his heart. He went to India, fought through frontier troubles, chastised marauders, quieted savage tribes, faced the Ghazis at Maiwand, survived a desperate wound, bivouacked on Himalayan snows, rode on delicate messages over central wastes, lived all that wonderful life of the rulers of India which custom renders commonplace to us, and bore himself through all with the same grave sternness and hardness and ability

which made him trusted by his superiors, and feared as well as respected by all others.

Short letters came to us frequently, dry and business-like, without a trace of the affection that we knew he felt for us. He had paid one visit to England—not on private business—and spent a few days with us, and then it was that he had spoken to me a few words the remembrance of which made the thought of his next visit a complexity of joy and pain. Lucy, his faithful devotee of bygone years, had grown up into a promise of sweet womanhood.

"Malpas," he said to me, watching her through the open window, "I have all the while been thinking of Lucy as the little girl she was when I saw her last."

"She is only eighteen," I faltered.

"I shall have quite a different picture in my mind when I go back," he continued; "and I say, old man, if I take my furlough in two years' time, I should like to come and see you again."

The conclusion was not very forcible, but I fully understood it. For the next two years there was a curious change in his letters. In the first place he never wrote to Lucy; and in the second place, he always spoke of her as "Miss Malpas."

In the afternoon of our second day at St. Leonards, Lucy and I met on the Parade a young lady who flung herself effusively upon us.

"I knew you were here," she exclaimed; "my brother saw you at the station. I am so glad he was able to be of some use to you."

Lucy introduced her friend as Clara Hopwood, a schoolfellow at Warwick.

"It was your brother!" she said. "I knew his face quite well, but I could not remember where I had seen him. It was the gentleman, father, who rescued our luggage from those horrid porters while you were looking for a cab."

I thanked Miss Hopwood for her brother's service, and hoped we should see them again. She seemed to prefer the present opportunity for improving an acquaintance, and walked on with us to Warrior Square. This was really fortunate, for we met her brother shortly, so that I was able to renew my thanks to him personally. Mr. Hopwood was a frank, open-faced young man of about eight-and-twenty, who looked well in the flannels for which his tennis racket was a sufficient justification. He was old enough to be companionable, and could talk sensibly, so that I found him a pleasant enough ac-

quaintance, and in a very few hours something like an intimacy was set up between the two families.

I found, however, that I did not enjoy much of the society of young Hopwood. He was in high favor with the children; he organized boating parties and expeditions to Fairlight and other places; he taught Lucy and Hal to row, and Hal achieved the stupendous feat of driving a pair of horses for two miles along a level stretch of the Battle road. The days slipped rapidly by. My wife did not like the Hopwoods. "I wish Sophie Rayner could have come with us," she said one day; "I think Lucy would not have been so much taken up with this girl then." I was rather surprised at it myself after the very cool greeting with which she had first received her.

"What time is George coming?" asked Hal one morning at breakfast.

"At half past ten, I think," replied Lucy; "he said the tide would be just right then."

"And who is the familiar George?" I queried.

"Why, Hopwood, of course," cried the boy; "he told us all to call him so."

I could see that a shade of anxiety passed over my wife's face, and Lucy, I thought, looked a trifle conscious.

"And are you included in this *all*?" I asked her lightly.

"Oh dear, no!" she cried, with a very scarlet face. "How could you think of such a thing, father dear?" And she came round and kissed me laughingly, but her mother still looked anxious. I, for my part, began to wish eagerly for the colonel's arrival.

Oddly enough, we never spoke of him. My wife and I knew perfectly well what he meant to do. What Lucy knew, or thought, or dreamt, I could not guess. We had agreed to leave the decision absolutely to the girl herself, and whichever way she decided we knew there was pain in store for us.

"I say, father," said Hal one day confidentially, "I believe George Hopwood is awfully sweet on Lulu."

I told the boy angrily not to talk nonsense, and strode home with a heavy heart. I could not but tell my wife. We sat hand in hand for a while, grieving in silent concert.

"I cannot understand it," she said at length. "Henry, I have always had the child's confidence; there cannot be anything in it; she would have told me, I am sure."

"I don't know," I gloomily suggested; "it is a new experience to her; she hardly knows what it means, perhaps; she has nothing to say."

Neither of us really doubted that the position was serious.

"What shall we do?" cried my wife. "Will you write and tell Edward not to come—put him off with some excuse?"

I could not do that; it would be like sinking a crazy ship outright.

"Well, Miss Rayner will be coming tomorrow," I sighed.

My wife's face quivered for a moment, and she broke into a laugh.

"Do you know, dear, that is just what I said two days ago?"

Her humor was infectious, and carried me away. It was clear that we agreed to believe that Sophie Rayner's coming would bring relief to our anxieties. Why we thought so I cannot say. When one is in a state of severe tension, any change whatever seems bound to do some good.

One point at least was settled for us an hour or two later. A telegram from Paris brought word that Colonel Penrose would be with us early on the following day. I noted the anxious shadow that passed over Lucy's face when she heard this, but I could not feel sure that I read its meaning. She preferred to speak of the other expected arrival; she was absurdly excited about Sophie's coming. One thing that she said filled us with secret delight.

"I haven't said anything about her to the Hopwoods. Clara and she never liked each other, I know, and I don't know how it will be when they meet." My wife looked at me with a triumphant nod. "But then," continued Lucy pensively, "I didn't like Clara myself at all at school." The triumph faded out of my wife's face.

The colonel arrived. He was sterner, perhaps, than ever. He greeted the children without that little touch of playfulness that had always marked his treatment of them alone. Lucy met him with a sweet shyness, from which I augured good, and I may as well confess, now that I had some doubts about the issue, the pain of that expecting parting was swallowed up by the desire that I felt to put my child into the keeping of this true and tender heart.

Lucy, and Penrose, and I were walking after luncheon in the public gardens, when the Hopwoods burst upon us with their usual impetuosity. The colonel listened in grim silence to their chatter, and as we made no movement as if to walk on with

them, they were shaken off for once. My heart fairly jumped at their last words.

"We are going over to Eastbourne tomorrow for two or three days, to stay with our aunt there; we shall be dull without you and the children," protested Miss Hopwood.

"It will seem an endless separation," added her brother with a sentimental flourish. Lucy flushed a little, and her color heightened still more when we passed on, and she said, with something of an effort:

"I am rather glad they will not be here just at first, when Sophie comes."

To the colonel, of course, this remark did not mean much. He was pre-occupied with a pebble that he was driving before him with his stick.

We walked on to Warrior Square to meet Miss Rayner. She was a tall, dark girl, with large, grey eyes, in which there lay a world of sadness. Penrose took charge of her with an indescribable courtesy. My wife had just mentioned to him the nature of her trouble, and he seemed to take upon himself the duty of making amends for the wrong which an unknown man had done her. All that evening he paid much more attention to her than to any of us. He hardly noticed Lucy, who herself was very shy and silent. I walked down to his hotel with him. He smoked his cigar thoughtfully all the way, and as we parted he said lightly,—

"Those Hopwoods are old friends, I suppose?"

I laboriously explained the situation, received a rather stiff "Good-night, old boy," and a grip of hand which alone saved me from despair, and walked home feeling very miserable. I guiltily kept this back from my wife, whom I found already fretting over the events of the day.

"I wish that Sophie Rayner hadn't come," she grumbled; but the inconsistency was too much, alike for her gravity and her grief, and a very uneasy laugh brought a little relief to our gloomy thoughts.

I have a very hazy recollection of the two days that followed. Lucy was inscrutable. Her mother watched her keenly, but sadly confessed to me that she could make nothing of her. Penrose was courteously repelling. I felt a longing now and then to break out into some contemptuous remark about young Hopwood, but could not speak. A new fear of my old friend and junior possessed me. He often walked with Lucy, who was timid and shrinking in his presence, but there



was no trace of tenderness in his manner with her; he treated her with a lofty courtesy. At times I thought he looked worn and wearied when he had been with her; he might have been bored. To Sophie Rayner he always showed the same air of protection as at the first.

This young lady speedily found her way into all our hearts. My wife soon repented of her peevish remark about her that I have recorded. The colonel's manner was not to be mistaken long. The first movement of jealousy, however, was succeeded by a puzzled doubt. "What can Edward be thinking?" she asked me; "what does he mean?" And I could not find it in my heart to tell her yet about his allusion to the Hopwoods. After all, I argued with myself, they would soon be back, and he would see in a day or two that his fears were unfounded. But then a question thrust itself in—were they really unfounded? In any case, I found myself longing for their return quite as much as I had wished for their departure.

Sophie Rayner never spoke a word when the Hopwoods were mentioned. Her dislike was clearly a living one. I caught her once, as Lucy was speaking of them, looking at her with a strange expression; it might have been pity. I was startled with a vague suspicion, and when she saw me looking at her inquiringly, she colored deeply, and hastened to change the subject. I wondered if Lucy had given her a confidence that was denied to us, and I was half determined at that moment to have it out with our visitor at the earliest opportunity. She treated me with a pleasant friendliness that made me think it would not be impossible.

This was the third morning after her arrival. She and Lucy went off shortly afterwards for a row. There was a certain taciturn, wind and sun dried boatman whom they patronized, and with whom we gladly trusted them. Penrose and I spent the morning on the Parade, talking at first exclusively about Indian matters of no earthly interest to us, and lapsing by degrees into the silence that was becoming habitual to us. It is very hard indeed to talk when the one subject that is nearest to your heart may not be spoken of.

We kept an eye upon the boat in which we had made out the two girls, and when at last they turned to the shore, we began to move slowly down to meet them. As they drew near the beach, the boatman himself took the sculls, and Lucy stood up in the bows waving her hand to us, while Sophie was seated in the stern, and

bent her head over the side, so that her broad hat nearly covered her face. As the keel grated on the shingle, a young man in flannels, who was lying on the beach, started up, and moved forward as if to give his hand to Lucy. As he advanced, Sophie Rayner chanced to raise her head, and looked him full in the face. He stopped suddenly and turned. I saw it was George Hopwood. Without a word or gesture, he strode rapidly away, passing close by us without recognition. His round fair face was moulded into a mask of sullen fury. Sophie Rayner looked after him with clear eyes and set face, but Lucy stood irresolute in the bows, flushed and downcast, looking at no one. I think we all took in the situation in a single moment. The sun-dried boatman was, of course, unmoved, and he was over the side and gave his hand to the trembling Lucy before we were a step nearer.

We walked home in a silence broken only by a few nervous remarks from myself, and a few calm replies by Miss Rayner. She seemed, indeed, by far the least discomposed of us all. Before luncheon I found time to tell my wife what had passed, but not another word was said by any one about the scene that we had witnessed. Miss Rayner's quiet dignity put an effectual constraint upon us. The constraint was felt by all; the children, who knew nothing, were fully conscious of it, and were visibly glad to escape into the open air. An oppressive stillness was settling down upon us, when the colonel, with the air of a man who has made a sudden determination, took his leave somewhat abruptly, and the rest of us separated.

The colonel did not come to dine with us, and, to the great relief of some of us, Miss Rayner pleaded a headache, and stayed in the room that she shared with Lucy. Hal and Margery kept up a boisterous chattering all through the meal, and no one repressed it, for indeed we were glad to find shelter behind it. Lucy was wistful and still, and once I thought her eyes were brimming with tears. There had been some confidences, I thought, in the girls' bedroom, but I was mistaken. The evening wore away, and the children were packed off to bed. Would Penrose come? I wondered; what was he doing?

He came when the June twilight was just passing into darkness. He looked carefully round the room as he entered, and then said in a low voice, "I do not think Miss Rayner will be any more annoyed. Does Mrs. Malpas know?" My

wife, with feverish interest, explained that she knew what he meant, but left it clear that she wished to know more. "I have seen that young Hopwood," he continued, "and I have told him that there is a young lady staying here who, I have reason to think, would rather not meet him; and I added"—his voice grew hard and steely—"that if I chanced to meet him on the Parade, I should feel myself at liberty to put him into the sea. You'll excuse my meddling, Malpas, I hope. You see I thought"—he was very grim here—"that a clergyman might find it awkward to take the necessary steps."

"My dear fellow"—I began, but he started at a rustling sound from across the room, and as Lucy came forward through the dusk, "I beg your pardon," he cried; "I thought your father and mother were alone."

"May I tell Sophie," she said eagerly, "and bring her down?" No objection was made, and she flew off to her room; but she returned alone, and her eyes were red.

"I have just come to say good-night," said Lucy simply; "I am going to bed." After kissing us she went up to Penrose, and taking both his hands, which somehow found hers at once, she said timidly, "I want to thank you so much, Colonel Penrose, for being so kind to Sophie, and for sending that—that man away." He bowed his head, and was silent for some minutes after she was gone. Then when the candles were brought in he and I went out together, and my wife went up into the girls' chamber, where the three, no doubt, behaved very foolishly together.

My friend and I sauntered down to the sea, where the moon, rising in the pale summer sky, made a broad pathway of glory towards us. We stood leaning on one of the groynes, watching it. At last Penrose broke a long silence by saying,—

"I knew what sort of man that was; I met him in the smoking-room at the Victoria the first night I was here, and I had some difficulty in keeping my hands from him then."

"I think you might have told me," I said.

"Well, I felt a delicacy about it; I didn't know how far—I mean I thought I had better wait till he came back from Eastbourne, and then if it seemed necessary, or I could see my way to it, I would warn you of his character. But Miss Rayner saved me the trouble."

"Yes," I said vaguely, "her trouble has done us good service; my wife is thinking

of asking her to come and live with us if —"

I stopped short; I had nearly blundered into saying something that I would not for worlds have uttered just then; so I stammered on,—

"You see, we feel so very grateful to her; she has done us such a service."

I saw him look at me keenly in the moonlight.

"You don't think —" he began, and then paused as if to choose his words—"that Lucy was drawn towards that fellow?"

What could I say?

"You are an old fool, Malpas," he said, laying his hand on my arm; "and so am I, for that matter. I thought so myself until she said good-night to me just now."

A load was lifted off my heart as he spoke.

"And what do you mean to do?" I asked.

"I mean," he said simply, "if you have no objection to ask Lucy to be my wife."

"I could only press his hand."

"But not just yet."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Well, I should feel as if I were taking an advantage of her."

"But why?" I persisted.

"I hardly know," he answered; "but I should feel so. Can't you trust me, Malpas?"

"I can trust you with Lucy's happiness," I replied.

It was only a week after all, before he spoke his mind. In the twilight of another evening I came into the drawing-room, where Lucy and her mother were sitting hand in hand; and when the child came to me and folded her arms about me, laying her fair head on my breast, I knew perfectly well what she meant. But she had something to say in sweet, low tones.

"Father, I have been telling mother all about it. I know I was very strange. I seemed to know quite well what he was coming for, and I was so afraid. I knew what you would think about—that man, and I thought he would think so too, and that made me more afraid still. And then, too, I did not think I really loved him until he did that for Sophie. And then I knew."

I kissed the fair bowed head, and as I did so the old mingled feeling of pain and joy came back to me with full force.

So after some months our sweet one sailed away to her new home, and Sophie reigned in her stead, for a while, as elder sister.

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
WAYS AND WHIMS OF FRESH-WATER  
FISHES.

SOME authorities on matters pertaining to angling would have us believe that the fish are more wide awake than they used to be, and that tackle on finer and more scientific principles, with far more elaborate baiting, is now required. This is certainly made to perfection; and yet there is something far more necessary to success than all this, and that is a knowledge of the haunts and the habits of the fish angled for. As a rule, fish are very much like "humans" in having varying ways of living and of behaving themselves in different localities. What will serve the angler in one county or even in one part of the same county, will be quite useless in another.

This is why the rustic angler, an agricultural laborer perhaps, will, with his primitive fishing-gear, get a good basket of fish, to the great astonishment of those less fortunate fishers who may be using the latest of modern appliances. The rustic knows the run and the lie of the water, accurately to a yard. From his childhood he has been familiar with it; he knows, too, the favorite foods of the fish as the seasons vary. He is well aware, also, how necessary it is to hide himself by all possible means from the sight of the fish; as he says: "They eyes is mortal quick; they sees you lots o' times afore you gets a glint on 'em." His knowledge of woodcraft gives him the knack of moving quietly; and what a valuable habit or gift that of quiet action is, either in gentle or simple folks! The latter may not practise it at all times, but they can when it is necessary. To see a great fellow come through the tangle and lay himself down by the brook for a side-cast up stream, without so much as startling the moor-hen that is feeding near at hand, is an interesting and common enough sight with us.

If pike have come out of good waters they are a fine enough fish for the table, but as a game sporting fish the pike is all that can be desired. When he has smashed up everything, and left me considering the vexatious incidents that are apt to attend his capture, I have found him more than I could desire. Now and again great brutes, about which the rustics have legends, rush from their haunts in the roots of flag, reed, and tangle, and seize a jack of three or four pounds by the middle—one that the angler was in the act of landing—close to the bank. Then, for a brief space, may be seen a tearing struggle; smash go the

first and second joints of your rod and a part of your line, with the hooked jack—and all is over. I have known some younger members of the rustic angling community to be so unnerved by mishaps of the kind that nothing could induce them to fish again in or near the water where this had occurred. They sum the creatures up as "dangerous to get near with either hand or foot." For my part, I prefer the middle-sized fish for sport and for the table.

One of the pike's favorite haunts I know well. Changes have taken place since I first remember it, but it is not greatly altered. The old mill, as grey and as dusty as of old, stands yet surrounded by woods. There is the road winding between heath and bracken towards the upland moors; and there, too, is the other road, lined on either side with forest timber, which leads to a secluded hamlet. The large rush-and-alder-fringed mill-pool is as it was, but the causeway—"cawsey" the rustics call it—with its sloping weir-boards—"splash-boards"—exists no longer. On each side of this stone-covered cart-road, which was protected by posts and rails, the pool extended, and a plank foot-bridge running directly over the sloping splash-boards was used by the customers who came from the hamlet to the mill. As a general rule the water on the causeway was about six inches deep, but sometimes it was more. The miller's horses and cattle were constantly passing to and fro over it during the day.

On this waterway in the daytime the small fish delighted to congregate, for food and warmth were there; but in the gudgeon season these little beauties would come in shoals just at the dusk of the evening from a small stream that ran in near by, and they fed on the stones of the causeway, which had been warmed by the sun. Aquatic insect-life was there in great abundance. As the small stream ran round a little bend direct on to the cart-track, the gudgeon had no occasion to swim in the mill-pool; it would have been fatal for them to venture there. The pike knew, however, when the toothsome, luscious little fishes were feeding on the stones, and they would gather on both sides of the causeway for the purpose of better acquaintance, if possible. When the head of water in that particular season was high enough in the pond to cause a run over the splash-boards into the pool, certain friends of mine, who, as they put it, "knowed what they was arter," would gather on the foot-plank bridge, with the

full consent of the miller, who was wroth about a lot of his young ducks that had lost the number of their mess through those voracious pike. The lads had noticed that when the gudgeon shoaled on the stones the pike were on the watch. Now and again a small pike would sail on the causeway, poise himself for a moment, and then make a rush for them, causing a dire commotion. Some threw themselves clean out of the water, others made for the pond never to return again. You could see fierce rushes and swirls where the pike were quite ready for them. Some, in their fright, would venture too near the current that ran over the splash-boards, and, after vain efforts to recover themselves, would wriggle down, tail first, into the other side of the mill-pool, to be instantly snapped up by the pike there. Roach and small trout the monsters could have in abundance; that was their common food, easy enough to get whenever they required it; it would have been useless to try to capture them with either of these; but gudgeon were a luxury which they tried their hardest to procure when it was possible.

Now gudgeon are, at certain times—troubled by some law known to themselves—compelled, like eels, to make downstream. Let any one curious in such matters, who knows their haunts, watch them gather for days—if there is any fall in the water—before they will finally allow themselves to be carried over, tail first, into the current below. They do not all go over at the same time—a few, the finest fish, slip over first, in small companies, as if to show the main body the best method of doing it. At such a time those observant rustic anglers would gather on that bridge. Their rods were of the most primitive description, simply a hazel stick about six feet long, split into a fork at the top, and bound below the split with a wax end. A small twig lashed on to each end of the fork formed a run for the line, which consisted of thin water-cord, terminated by a gimp-hook. The other portion of the line that ran from the fork was coiled round the angler's hand—the one which held the rod. After the gudgeon had been hooked on just below the back fin—the bait-kettle of the whole party was a large flower-pot—it would be dropped on the top of the splash-boards. Down it wriggled in the run of the water into the pool below, where large mouths were ready for it. They did not use a float of any kind, considering it best for the bait to run free. Before many mo-

ments elapsed you would hear one or another of the company bidding his neighbor move a bit, to let him pass and land his fish. There was a good-tempered comradeship amongst those rustic anglers that is somewhat unusual, I fancy, among the so-called more polite classes. After a little the pike would leave off feeding in the sudden, abrupt fashion which is their way.

This was the only method of capture pursued at the causeway of the old mill. Those pike had always been accustomed to watch for the gudgeon coming down to them from the boards above, and they would only take the bait in that fashion.

One evening I remember a visitor arrived with a trolling-rod of the latest manufacture, and he tried his luck there without success. The four friends alluded to were at their accustomed place; and with more directness than nicety of expression, one of them asked when he intended "to leave off heavin' an' pitchin' about?—they'd come to catch fish, and if he wanted to act the fule, he'd better git lower down the pond."

Although the pike has been credited with indiscriminating voracity, he is, at certain times of the year, very "picksome" as our folks say, if not dainty. That is when the water-fowl—the swimmers and the waders—leave their homes to paddle and run amongst and over the weeds that cover and line the waters which the pike frequents. You can see his alligator-like head just clear of the masses of weed that surround the fish; and you may try him with anything you like—roach, dace, gudgeon, or minnow—he will have none of them. He is intent on other game. You can hear the bird-life that is all about more than you can see it—coots clank and click, moor-hens call, little grebes chatter, and the water-rail grunts and squeaks; but you will see little of it, for in the breeding season they keep very close. One might be easily forgiven for taking the nest of coot or moor-hen for a mere heap of sedge-drift, or that of the little grebe for a lump of green stuff a trifle higher than the surrounding weeds,—so artless, apparently, and yet hidden with what seems such consummate art, are the nests, if the slight platform of damp weed-tangle can be called by that name. In the case of that of the little grebe or dab-chick, it is absolutely wet from the time the eggs are first laid, up to the moment when the little creatures burst from their shells.

All these birds know well that the pike

is on the watch for their broods at this season, and they use the greatest precautions. I have watched them exercise these repeatedly. In spite of all they can do, numbers of their progeny come to grief. Even the kingfisher becomes uneasy when the pike is on the watch; and he will not rest, as is usually his wont, on any twig so low down as nearly to touch the water, when the great fish is on the alert for feathered prey. There he lies; he has not moved one inch from the spot where we first noted him; but, as we look, there is a stir in the rushes, and now a moor-hen appears, followed by her dark-looking, fluffy chicks. She is making her way to the bit of open water that is free from weeds. Out of one corner of that very spot the broad snout has been poked so long. She looks all round very cautiously, but neither sees nor hears anything to alarm her. Off the weeds she slips into the water, her chicks following closely, making a pretty sight as they cluster about their mother, like so many dark corks afloat.

The ugly snout has vanished; but with a rush that causes the water to boil up and stirs the rushes all round, its owner makes for his prey, taking in three of the fluffy little creatures at one snap—for, as a rule, the pike seizes from below. The old bird herself has a narrow escape; she barely misses being included in that vicious snap.

The water-rail is very wary of swimming over any water at this time, for his slim, compressed body goes down the pike's gullet as easily as that of a dace or gudgeon.

Frogs, too, dread and avoid the water now. If you catch one and throw him into it, his frantic efforts to gain the bank again are very curious. When his tribe visit the ponds and pools in spawning time, the pike will have nothing to do with them. The rustics will tell you "he hates 'em like pisen then." Only when the frog has left the water and gone to live on the land, making himself plump and handsome, the pike becomes enamored of him again; and at that season you will hear the rustic angler say, "I shell try summat else; I shell go an' kick up a chawly off the moor." When he has kicked him up, as he terms it, he proceeds with his frog as follows: Holding the "chawly" by the hind legs, he takes him to the water. Any one that has held a frog in this fashion knows that in the creature's struggles to escape its body is held upright. Whilst the man has it so in his left hand, he brings the first

joint of the second finger of his right hand down to the middle of the thumb, and, holding it at the back of froggy's head, lets drive, or, as he says, "snicks him," killing him at once. So effectual is this operation that I have never known a frog to move after it. From those horny fingers it acts with the force of a catapult. This is the first part of the proceeding. The next step is to fix a double hook in the frog's back—in the skin. Tie his fore feet in front of him with a bit of thread, and his hind legs above the hook in the same way, and he is, as they say, ready for diving. The same rod or long stick is used that our rustic had on the foot-bridge over the splash-boards, only he goes to work now in a different manner. With his frog suspended head downwards, he cautiously walks along until he finds a hole clear of weeds in the middle, and close to the side. Into this he very gently drops his frog, and he pulls him up in the same manner. Presently away shoots the line, he gives the fish time to get the full flavor of that diving "chawly," and then he lets him have it. Says our rustic: "They sees lots on 'em go in head fust, an' swim right away; but they jacks don't often see 'em cum up agin, feet fust, arter their dive. They wonders what's up, an' they goes for it."

I can vouch for the truth of this, for I have watched the proceeding. "They jacks is like my young uns in apple-time," continues the man; "they be free to blow their kites out in my orchard as much as iver they likes—an' there's plenty there. But no, thet don't suit 'em; they must git in neighbor's orchard, just because they apples there be a leetle different. That 'ere chawly was a leetle different, an' the jack snapped him."

Before dismissing our pike, I would just state that where they are kept in proper—that is, moderate—number, they are valuable enough, and, as a rule, large where the food is good. I have, however, known waters where, owing to some mistaken notion, it was not allowed to angle for them, and in such they dwindled down to little more than the size of a large herring; and so many of them were there, that not a sign of other fish was visible. Fish of prey they certainly are, and when they have to feed on one another the diet does not in any way suit them. When things get to that pass, the only thing to be done is to sweep the lot out, run the pool dry and clean it, and then after a time introduce fresh stock.

A great outcry has been made against



pike getting into certain waters; yet I think they are beneficial in moderate numbers in preserved waters. They keep coarse fish, such as roach and others, in proper proportions. When a pond is overstocked with roach, dace, and tench, the angler will often get a day's annoyance instead of a day's fishing.

Where you find pike, you will generally come across perch. It is not invariably the case, perhaps, but it is the exception otherwise. From some cause or other the perch has become scarce where he was at one time to be found in plenty; and I can only account for the fact in one way. The bottoms of streams, ponds, and rivers, are not so clean as they once were. It is now only in very remote districts, as a rule, that you find any one of the above waters without a deposit of mud, more or less odorous. The food-supply has altered; it is a long time now since I have seen a large gathering of that nimble little fellow, the fresh-water shrimp. At one time one might watch the sandy bottom boil up, all alive with countless myriads of them, where the water ran clear through the meadows; but this has not been so of late years. They were fine food for the perch. He could revel then in loaches, gudgeons, minnows, water-snails, and shrimps. Then he existed in numbers; and more than that, he reached a good size.

Only once of late years have I seen what could be called a good perch, perfect in shape, condition, and color. That one weighed nearly two pounds. When found I made a note of him by placing a canvas on my easel and painting him full size. One hears anglers of limited experience, when looking at fish pictures — even by such a prince of fish-painters as Rolf — say they have never seen such pike, perch, trout, or grayling as those before them. I have not the least doubt of it, for it is only in the best waters, both as regards quality and quantity, with a first-rate food-supply, that fish arrive at perfection. From certain waters I have had pike and perch that looked nearly as thick as they were long, hog-backed, and with pouches like the throats of the jolly, well-fed monks of old. As to the trout, they were short, thick-set, crimson speckled beauties.

It is not always, indeed one may say it is rarely, possible to visit such waters. It needs much persuasive power on our part, and many manoeuvres, to obtain permission even for a very limited time. So say my rustic friends, and I can endorse their experience. It is a matter of no small

moment to get permission for even one half-day. And old mills and ancient flood-gates are disappearing fast, and some mill-streams are becoming choked up with mud and aquatic vegetation. Then there is the bother caused by new owners through whose grounds the water runs. These and other difficulties have caused the millers to make use of steam-power. This is the reason why those old timbers, and the rough walls surrounding them, are no longer frequented by perch with erected back fins, examining the stones for loach and minnows. He was once, as we know, a bold biter; but in some waters he has become very fastidious — so much so, that recently what was formerly a famous perch-hole in my younger days, was declared to be perchless; and the assertion was believed, because no one had ever fished there with anything but live bait. A friend of my own, who is a firm believer in the efficacy of well-scoured dew-worms, having had good sport in various counties with them, tried them in this hole, and to the surprise of the owners of the property, he landed four fine perch, one after the other, in quick time.

For a glorious combination of color, give me a fine perch in good condition from good water. Where a moderate rush of water runs from a sluice over the mill-apron among stones, winding hither and thither, and ultimately resting in a deep hole at the foot — that is the place where perch love to gather. I have known them to congregate formerly in great numbers in such a spot, so that there was hardly comfortable moving room — that is, where they kept to the hole itself. "Oh, they are only perch," said my friend, once, as I stood watching them flash about. Just to give me some idea of their numbers, he got his large cast-net and threw it into the hole. The result was a fine haul of perch, nearly all one size — half-pounders. "What will you do with them?" I asked. "Why, turn them out in the water above the mill," was his reply, "and let them grow larger;" and he proceeded at once to the business.

Things are changed now, indeed, and perch have become conspicuous through their entire absence. I should like to see them back again in their old haunts; for one's earliest reminiscences are associated with perch, and paddling as a boy in the mill-stream in the evening, after the water had been shut off, to get loaches for baits. What very strict injunctions our rural fishing instructors gave us not to get little ones, only big loaches, because "they'd

ketch the biggest fish fur the little uns couldn't swaller 'em!" Well do I remember the first time they let me catch a big perch and get him out, "all by myself." My rod was an osier wand, costing one penny at the basket-maker's. I can feel now the funk I was in after my fish was firmly hooked. Then they told me I had lost him in the weeds, just to tease me; and when I had got him out, I put him in the skirt of my old-fashioned gaberdine and bolted off—too happy to sleep for hours that night because I had caught and landed a good perch.

Concerning trout, I feel inclined to say but little, for the ablest pens have written so much about them that I am on ticklish ground. Of the different varieties of the common brook-trout I will not speak, because I have seen such differently shaped trout, and ones so variously colored, taken from the same stream within one short half-mile of one another. I once saw six trout, all half-pounders, and some of them larger, captured one evening at the very height of the season under an old bridge. Not one brace was alike; each fish differed more or less from the other. These were the common trouts of the brook; no cross had ever been introduced into that water to make hybrids of them. The man who caught them told me that, a mile and a half lower down, there was a greater difference still. I visited the latter spot, and found he was correct. Some were quite silvery, others were inclined to a golden-brown tinge; the rest were toned in olive green on the back.

Sometimes a large trout will make his home on some bit of water that is connected with the main stream, or in the stream itself. One weighing four or five pounds is not so very rare in certain districts. If a rustic discovers such a one in a stream, he keeps the knowledge of it to himself; if two know of it, they generally agree "to save him for somebody as wants him," and they share the proceeds. When once a large trout has made his hover in a stream, it takes a great deal to move him. He may be seen and fished for, too; but that is a long way off getting him.

One day a well-dressed man visited a certain hamlet, carrying the newest of fly-rods; he intended to fish for trout. Could any one give him information as to the best place for his day's sport? As he asked for it at the bar of the small inn of the hamlet, the information was soon forthcoming. One of the customers there told him he knew where there was a big one,

and no mistake; he could show it to him, and then all he had to do was to catch it. The bait took. After a generous "liquor up" and the tip of a shilling, away they started. He saw the fish, and for nearly the whole of a day he threshed that water hard enough to frighten all the trout that ever swam in it. But not even a fish the size of a sprat did he capture. At the inn, before his train started, as he rested for an hour, his guide of the morning appeared and asked him what sport he had had. "Not a single fish," replied he; adding, "I would spend half-a-sov. in drinks if that trout lay in my basket, or give the same sum to any one who would put me up to getting it there." Five minutes later the native whispered to him, "Did ye mean what ye said?" The angler pulled out half a sovereign and showed it to him. "Bide here a bit," said the man; "your train don't start yet." In less than half an hour the stranger was beckoned out of the bar to see the big trout, still alive and kicking vigorously, on some flags in a basket. He had a hook attached to a piece of broken gut in his upper lip; not a bruise or a mark was on him.

"Take him, basket an' all, fur what ye said," quoth the native; "he's a precious sight too big to go into that consarn o' yourn. And I be werry much obleeged to you for this 'ere half-sov'rin, and no mistake."

I was informed afterwards that the fish had been so frightened by the threshing of that would-be angler, that he had retreated to the utmost limit of his hover under the bank, and there he had remained, as only a trout will remain. The cute rustic knew this would be so, and he had simply gone down to the spot, taken off his shoes, and tucked up his trousers, and "groped him out." That is how most of the great trout are captured, but I never saw one that had been groped for that was not shown with a hook in his mouth. A gut hook does not cost much, and it looks so very much better. "Vile poaching?" No, that was waste land where the big trout was got out.

And, after all, when a fish of that size is in a stream he becomes entirely carnivorous, and feeds on the smaller members of his own species, to say nothing of the way he gobbles up spawn when it is the season for the trout running up for the spawning. So the sooner the great fellow is out of a brook or pond the better. I have seen many large trout captured, beautiful fish. Some of them had made their homes in places where you would be more

likely to look for water-voles than for trout. But, with very few exceptions, they were frightened to their hovers, and then groped for.

Grand fish are caught by our Thames anglers, in a fair fight between man and fish; and the skill and patience needed to capture a wary Thames trout can only be appreciated by those who have fished for them. That style of angling is unknown to the rustic, yet I have seen a farm laborer catch a first-rate lot of fine trout with rods and lines that were not worth twopence.

The silvery quick dace is a great favorite with me, not only on account of his sporting and edible qualities, but for a still stronger reason. He brings back some of the happiest of my angling memories. I see again that bright stream that ran into our river. Huge burdocks, water-docks, and great masses of purple loose-strife, together with sedge and meadow-sweet, grew on the banks. Its sandy margin was the feeding and playing ground of the nimble sandpipers that ran about and flirted their bodies up and down, the whole day long. In that lush tangle I have seen rare specimens of moths and butterflies. The clear-winged hawk-moth was not rare in the perfect little jungle of aquatic growth. How often he has hummed round my head, and then settled on a blade of sedge close to, looking more like king hornet than a moth! I admired him, but never attempted his capture. Insects, to my mind, are most beautiful, in fact only in their true beauty, when seen alive. I would that I might write a whole book about the natural life in and about that stream. As it is, I may only give a very slight idea of it.

As a food stream for fish it was not to be surpassed. The general run of the bottom was sand and bright gravel, studded here and there with large stones. Bright green weeds waved in long streamers to and fro in the current — so thickly in some parts that they only left a clear channel about a foot wide in the middle of the stream. Where a large stone was bedded, the weeds would wave round it on either side. Below it would be a hole about three feet in depth, and, as a rule, six feet in diameter, scooped out by the current that ran round the large stones. In these holes — and they numbered about a dozen down the whole length of the stream — the finest fish congregated.

We had our choice of fish in those days; if we meant to get perch, we had them or nothing. It was the same with

dace. Now these bars of living silver, if of a large size — say up to half a pound and a little over — are the most fastidious feeders in existence when they come from the river to a clear, sharp stream. I knew once that a nice lot were in the stream, yet we had not discovered their haunt. I was determined to find it; and after some searching in the deepest hole, nearest the river, I chanced to see a flash of silver — a momentary sight it was — shoot to the edge of the bright gravel and then back again. It was enough, they were found; but how to capture them was the next question. It was a subject for deep consideration.

What were they feeding on? Two silver flashes next, and then they were at it. Lying down, well back, I could just see the wriggle of water-shrimps about a yard above that hole. It was enough; my light rod was put together, the finest of my gut lines attached, and then I got from a rill that ran into the stream some fine water-shrimps, which I placed in a tin box perforated with holes in the lid; some sand and water, and all was ready.

Not quite. A water shrimp jumps along when he travels; it will never do for him to go into that hole as though he had got the gout. As I consider the matter, a small piece of sedge comes bobbing and jumping, down in the current. The hint is at once acted on. I break the tip off one of the sedges, and fix it about eight inches above the hook by simply making a slit in the middle of it. Then on the small hook I very carefully fix a shrimp, and hidden from sight by a huge burdock, cast up-stream above that hole. Down comes the sedge-tip dancing up and down, it nears the hole, is over it, and for one brief moment down goes that tip of flag. Snick! we have him, and at once get him out and down-stream. I got six of the finest of dace that I have ever seen out of that hole. Then they left off biting, and I left the stream. They had begun to look suspiciously on the bit of flag tip; and when fish begin to get shy, they are best left.

Fine eels lived there — sharp-nosed or silver eel, and the broad-nosed or frog-mouthed eel. The last named is a ferocious feeder. A large eel of this species will make his home in a place that one would never suspect. To give an illustration of his ways, a man with his boy, one I knew well, had gone out for a fish. The boy was little, and he teased his father so much to let him fish also, that the man put a dead gudgeon on part of a broken jack-

line, placed the child on the bank where the water was so shallow that he could not possibly drown himself if he tried to do so, and then left him. Close to the boy's feet was part of a broken wattle, kept in place by a couple of stumps, for the bank was a little loose just there. Whilst the boy was drawing his dead gudgeon to and fro — fishing, as he termed it — something poked its head out and nipped his gudgeon, leaving the hook bare. The boy just caught sight of the head, and it puzzled him. Off he ran to his father. "Dad," said he, "I want another gudgeon, for a great toad hev got the fust un."

His father walked back with him to see the place where the toad took the fish. On the boy's tackle he fixed another dead gudgeon, and he drew it backwards and forwards as before. Out shot the head, took the bait, and vanished; but he was hooked this time; not captured, however, for when a strain was put on him, he threw his tail over a bit of the wattle — it was nearly level with the sand — and then with a vicious dart he shot into the stream, breaking the rotten gimp like a thread. Later on he was captured; his weight was five pounds. When the time for migrating came round, I have known enormous eels caught in that pure bright stream, which I grieve to say exists in the same happy condition no longer.

#### A SON OF THE MARSHES.

From Belgravia.

L. E. L.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON. The name of this gifted woman is but a memory now. Her novels have never been reprinted, her poems are seldom read, graceful, melodious, and charming though they undoubtedly are.

She was the daughter of John Landon, junior partner in the house of Adair, army agents, and Catherine Jane, *née*, Bishop, his wife, a lady of Welsh extraction, and was born on the 14th of August, 1802, at her father's house in Hans Place, Chelsea. She was the first-born of her parents; her sister died in her thirteenth year, and her brother, Whittington Henry Landon, afterwards a clergyman and M.A., was the almost inseparable companion of her youthful days, and deeply beloved by her. The greater part of her existence was passed in or near the place of her birth. She was seldom absent from the neighborhood, for when her parents removed from

the locality, she still clung to it, and in 1825 she was living in Sloane Street with her grandmother, Mrs. Bishop, while she subsequently became a boarder in the house of the Misses Lance, who kept a school at No. 22 Hans Place, an establishment at which she had been a pupil when only six years old, and where she resided until within a short time of her marriage, when, her old friends retiring, she went to live in Upper Berkeley Street, in the family of Mrs. Shedden.

She is said to have been a reader almost in her cradle, and early showed literary proclivities of no mean order. An invalid neighbor and friend of her mother's taught her to read by scattering the letters of the alphabet on the floor, and telling the child to pick them up as named, and the little pupil was rewarded with a sugarplum or some dainty when successful, which was often, for even at that early age she showed great quickness. Her education, or to speak more correctly her instruction, was undertaken later on by her cousin, Miss Landon, who found that Letitia had an extraordinary memory, and was remarkably clever, though she was never a good pianist or penman. However, she made up for those deficiencies by the rapidity and ease with which she could write themes on any given subject.

Her favorite book in childhood was one given her by her father called "Silvester Trumper," and was a story of travels in Africa, a country in which she was particularly interested, and it reigned supreme until Mr. Landon presented her with the "Arabian Nights," and this supplanted it.

After the days of "tasks and lessons" were over for her, she indulged her taste for poetry and romance and wrote several poetical effusions. Then came, as she herself wrote in a letter to Mr. S. C. Hall, "the desire of publication so inseparable from composition," and some of her efforts were submitted by Miss Landon (the cousin) to Mr. Jerdan, the editor of the *Literary Gazette*. This gentleman lived in a cottage near Mr. Landon's house, and could overlook his neighbor's grounds. He had noticed the somewhat odd spectacle of a "plump, well-grown girl, bowling a hoop round the walks, with the hoop-stick in one hand and a book in the other, reading as she ran, and as well as she could manage both exercise and instruction at the same time. The exercise was prescribed and insisted upon; the book was her own irrepressible choice." This "plump girl" was the future poetess,

and Mr. Jerdan on reading the juvenile productions thought they showed great promise, notwithstanding crudeness, corrected the MSS., encouraged her to persevere in the kindest manner, and finally printed one of her first compositions in No. 164 of the *Literary Gazette*, which was entitled "Rome."

The next little piece that appeared in the *Gazette* is far prettier, so I quote it:—

THE MICHAELMAS DAISY.

Last smile of the departing year,  
Thy sister sweets are flown;  
Thy pensive wreath is still more dear,  
From blooming thus alone.  
Thy tender blush, thy simple frame,  
Unnoticed might have pass'd;  
But now thou com'st with softer claim,  
The loveliest and the last.  
Sweet are the charms in thee we find,  
Emblem of Hope's gay wing;  
'Tis thine to call past bloom to mind—  
To promise future spring.

The following summer Mr. Warren, of Bond Street, published a small volume, "The Fate of Adelaide," a romantic Swiss story, which she dedicated to Mrs. Siddons. This poem and other little verses that followed, were only of value as indications of poetical genius, indications that she fully realized later on. She then commenced in the *Literary Gazette* a series of "Poetical Sketches," under the signature of L. E. L., and soon any verses with that signature were eagerly looked for and read, the public recognizing the fresh and beautiful outpourings of genius, and from the summer of 1821 to that of 1824 she sent in these contributions uninterruptedly, with a profusion that was striking. The writer being a "young lady yet in her teens," by no means lessened their popularity. Great curiosity was evinced about her. She was read by old poets, and versified by young ones, who wrote sonnets in her praise, and this girl in her teens "woke, and found herself famous."

One, Bernard Barton, in February, 1822, thus closes some lines portraying his deep admiration:—

I know not who, or what, thou art,  
Nor do I seek to know thee,  
Whilst thou, performing thus thy part,  
Such banquets can bestow me.  
Then be, as long as thou shalt list,  
My viewless, nameless Melodist.

"And this," said Laman Blanchard, "she was to thousands beside the minstrel."

Her popularity was unbounded. Her glewing rapturous verses took a hold on

the reading public, and retained it until her unhappy and melancholy death.

She seems to have been of a bright, unselfish temperament, and though undoubtedly "gifted," was hardly "gay," as Miss Jewsbury designated her in some lines she wrote. Her work was too incessant, the demands on her brain and mind too perpetual, to leave much room for gaiety. After her father's pecuniary losses she helped her family liberally, limiting her own expenditure to £120 a year! and the following lines show her life was not free from care.

DEAR GIFTS.

Life's best gifts are bought dearly. Wealth  
is won

By years of toil, and often comes too late:  
With pleasure comes satiety; and pomp  
Is compassed round with vexing vanities;  
And genius, earth's most glorious gift, that  
lasts

When all beside is perished in the dust,  
How bitter is the suffering it endures!  
How dark the penalty that it exacts.

THE POET'S LOT.

His lot may be a weary lot;  
His thrall a heavy thrall;  
And cares and griefs the crowd know not,  
His heart may know them all:  
But still he hath a mighty power,  
The loveliness that throws  
Over the common thought and hour  
The beauty of the rose.

The "Improvvisatrice" was published in 1824, for which she received £300, the "Troubadour" in 1825. This brought her £600, the largest sum she received for any work. For the "Golden Violet" £200. The "Venetian Bracelet" £150. Her first novel, "Romance and Reality," was published in 1830 and some others followed it in '34, '36, '37, and '38. But it was as a poetess *not* as a novelist that she shone.

Mrs. S. C. Hall gives the following description of her when in the zenith of her fame, and it is decidedly an attractive one.

"Her dark, silken hair was braided back over a small, but well-developed head; her forehead full and open, but the hair grew low upon it; the eyebrows perfect in arch and form; the eyes round, soft, or flashing, grey, well-formed, and beautifully set, the lashes long and black, the under lashes turning down with a delicate curve, and forming a soft relief upon the tint of her cheek, which, when she enjoyed good health, was bright and blushing. Her complexion was delicately fair; her skin soft and transparent; her nose small (*retroussé*), the nostrils well-defined, slightly



curved, but capable of a scornful expression which she did not appear to have the power of repressing, even though she gave her thoughts no words, when any mean or despicable action was alluded to. It would be difficult to describe her mouth; it was neither flat nor pouting, neither large nor small; the under jaw projected a little beyond the upper. Her smile was deliciously animated; her teeth white, small, and even; and her voice and laugh soft, low, and musical. Her ears were of peculiar beauty, small and delicate of hue. Her hands and feet were even smaller than her sylph-like figure would have led one to expect."

A charming picture surely of a *clever* woman. I think her own lines apply to her, entitled "Music of Laughter."

She had that charming laugh which, like a song,

The song of a spring-bird, wakes suddenly  
When we least look for it. It lingered long

Upon the ear, one of the sweet things we  
Treasure unconsciously. As steals along  
A stream in sunshine, stole its melody,  
As musical as it was light and wild,  
The buoyant spirit of some fairy child;  
Yet mingled with soft sighs, that might express  
The depth and truth of earnest tenderness.

Miss Landon's manners were very frank. She was careless of set rules and forms, and never "put the slightest restraint upon her speech, correspondence, or actions, so quick were her feelings, so open her nature." She shared the miserable fate of many another impulsive woman, and slander was busy with her reputation, and shadowed her whole life. The scandal is supposed to have originated in the unreasoning anger of a jealous wife, for from all accounts the man with whom her name was coupled was the reverse of prepossessing or attractive. A contemporary describes him thus:—

"A man less likely to have gained the affections of any woman could not easily have been found. To say nothing of his being a married man—dirty in his dress and habits, revolting in manners, and rarely sober, he might have been pointed out as one from whom a woman of refinement would have turned with loathing, rather than have approached with love."

Nevertheless, this wicked slander grew and grew, as such things do, and some years later was the means of breaking off an engagement between the unhappy L. E. L. and a gentleman who afterwards became famous as an author, and to whom, it is said, she was deeply attached. Mrs. Thomson, wife of Dr. Antony Todd Thom-

son, who had known her and her family for years, wrote to her at the first breath of scandal, and received from Miss Landon the following letter, written in June, 1826.

"I have not written so soon as I intended, my dear Mrs. Thomson, first because I wished to be able to tell you I had taken some steps towards change, and I also wished, if possible, to subdue the bitterness and indignation of feelings not to be expressed to one so kind as yourself. I think of the treatment I have received until my very soul writhes under the powerlessness of its anger. It is only because I am poor, unprotected, and dependent on popularity, that I am a mark for all the gratuitous insolence and malice of idleness and ill-nature. But success is an offence not to be forgiven. To every petty author, whose works have scarce made his name valuable as an autograph, or whose unsold editions load his bookseller's shelves—I am a subject of envy—and what is envy but a name for hatred? With regard to the immoral and improper tendency of my productions, I can only say it is not my fault if there are minds which, like negroes, cast a dark shadow on a mirror, however clear and pure in itself. As to the *report* you named, I know not which is greatest—the absurdity or the malice. Circumstances have made me very much indebted to [the gentleman whose name was coupled with hers] for much kindness. I have not a friend in the world but himself to manage anything of business, whether literary or pecuniary. Your own literary pursuits must have taught you how little, in them, a young woman can do without assistance. Place yourself in my position. Could you have hunted London for a publisher, endured all the alternate hot and cold water thrown on your exertions, bargained for what sum they might be pleased to give, and after all canvassed, examined, nay, quarrelled over, accounts the most intricate in the world? Then, for literary assistance, my proof sheets could not go through the press without revision. Who was to undertake this—I can only call it drudgery—but some one to whom my literary exertions could in return be as valuable as theirs to me? But it is not on this ground that I express my surprise at so cruel a calumny, but actually on that of our slight intercourse. He is in the habit of frequently calling on his way into town, and unless it is on a Sunday afternoon, which is almost his only leisure time

for looking over letters, manuscripts, etc., five or ten minutes is the usual time of his visit. We visit in such different circles, that, if I except the evening he took Agnes and myself to Miss B——'s, I cannot recall our ever meeting in any one of the round of winter parties. The more I think of my past life, and of my future prospects, the more dreary do they seem. I have known little else than privation, disappointment, unkindness, and harassment; from the time I was fifteen, my life has been one continual struggle in some shape or another against absolute poverty, and I must say not a tithe of my profits have I ever expended on myself. No one knows but myself what I have had to contend with—but this is what I have no right to trouble you with."

Mrs. S. C. Hall thought she ought also to write to Miss Landon, having heard this wicked slander, and in a letter the latter sent her occurs the following passage.

"I have long since discovered that I must be prepared for enmity I have never provoked, and unkindness I have little deserved. God knows that if, when I do go into society, I meet with more of homage and attention than most, it is dearly bought. What is my life? One day of drudgery after another; difficulties incurred for others, which have ever pressed upon me beyond health, which every year by one severe illness after another, shows is tasked beyond its strength; envy, malice, and all uncharitableness—these are the fruits of a successful literary career for a woman.

"I can do nothing. It is impossible to lead a more quiet life, or less to provoke personal animadversion than I do, and yet is there anything too malicious to be invented or too absurd to be repeated about me?

"I leave it to all you have known and seen of me to judge if belief be possible.

"I have nothing more to say. I thank you for your kindness. I have always experienced it, but do not make the slightest claim upon it.

"Your obliged

"L. E. LANDON."

It was at the Halls' house she first met the Ettrick Shepherd. "When Hogg was presented to her, he looked earnestly down at her for perhaps half a minute, and then exclaimed in a rich, manly, 'Scottish' voice, 'Eh, I didna think ye'd been sae bonnie! I've said many hard things about

ye. I'll do sae nae mair. I didna think ye'd been so bonnie.'"

It was also there she met Mrs. Opie, the "staid Quakeress," who shook her finger at Letitia, exclaiming, "What thou art saying thou dost not mean!" It was also at the house of these true and tried friends that she met Barry Cornwall, Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Jameson, Wordsworth, Allan Cunningham, and many other distinguished and well-known folk.

In the summer of 1834 she went to Paris, with Sir A. Farquhar and his daughter to stay with a friend, one Miss Turin, who was then staying in that gay city. She professed herself delighted with the French capital, though there was "nobody there, and nothing going on," and the heat overpowering. She was visited there by some French celebrities, M. Odillon Barrot, whom she describes "most kind, gentle, and encouraging," with "beautiful blue eyes." M. Fontaney, "a young poet of about four-and-twenty A French genius, pale, dark, sombre." She also saw Madame Tastu, M. Heine, Sainte Beuve, Merimée, and Beulot, *redacteur des Revue de deux Mondes*, Madame Recamier, and Chateaubriand.

On her return to England she again applied herself to work industriously, and wrote many charming poems. Her description of Cleopatra is particularly happy.

With haughty brow, and regal hand,  
As born for worship and command,  
Yet with smiles that told she knew full well  
The power of woman's softest spell,  
Leant that Egyptian queen; a braid  
Of jewels shone 'mid her dark hair's shade.  
One pearl on her forehead hung, whose gem  
Was worth a monarch's diadem,  
And an emerald cestus bound the fold  
Of her robe that shone with purple and gold.  
All spoke of pomp, all spoke of pride,  
And yet they were as nothing beside  
Her radiant cheek, her flashing eye,  
For theirs was beauty's regality.  
It was not that every feature apart,  
Seem'd as if carved by the sculptor's art;  
It was not the marble brow, nor the hair  
That lay in its jewel-starr'd midnight there;  
Nor her neck, like the swan's for grace and  
whiteness,  
Nor her step, like the wind of the south for  
lightness,  
But it was a nameless spell, like the one  
That makes the opal so fair a stone,  
The spell of change: for a little while  
Her red lips shone with its summer smile—  
You look'd again, and that smile was fled,  
Sadness and softness were there instead.  
This moment all bounding gaiety,  
With a laugh that seem'd the heart's echo to  
be;

Now it was grace and mirth, and now  
It was princely steps and lofty brow;  
By turns the woman and the queen,  
And each as the other had never been.

But on her lip, and cheek, and brow,  
Were traces that wildest passions avow;  
All that a southern sun and sky  
Could light in the heart, and flash from the  
eye;

A spirit that might by turns be led  
To all we love, and all we dread,  
And in that eye darkness and light  
Mingled, like her own climate's night.  
Till even he on her bosom leaning,  
Shrank at times from her fiery meaning.

Jerdan openly acknowledged that what with her poems, criticisms, essays, etc., she did little less for the *Gazette* than he did himself, and aided largely to increase the popularity of his journal, and lighten his labors, and speaks of her as his "effective colleague."

About the year 1835 the unhappy slanders in regard to her were again renewed, and prejudice against her was re-animated in some quarters, possibly owing to the rumor of her approaching marriage, and though it was shown that it was a "vile fabrication," her high sense of honor made her break off this engagement, which promised much happiness, with the gentleman before mentioned in this sketch. The self-sacrifice she thought herself called upon by duty to make, affected her health severely, and she became ill. The following is an extract from a letter written by her to Mrs. Thomson about this time, and shows how terribly she suffered under these blighting reports:—

"God knows my path has been a very hard one! What constant labor, what unceasing anxiety! Yet I never felt defeated until lately. But now I feel every day my mind and my spirits giving way; a deeper shade of despondency gathers upon me. I enter upon my usual employments with such disrelish; I feel so weary—so depressed; half my time so incapable of composition; my imagination is filled with painful and present images. But why should I say all this? Perhaps my recent illness leaves behind it weakness both mental and bodily; but I cannot help shrinking from either exertion or annoyance—I do not feel in myself power to bear either."

For a woman of her temperament such reports must have been galling and humiliating in the extreme, and she suffered, as she herself wrote, "mentally and bodily." However, her friends, her true, devoted

friends, amongst whom none were more devoted than Mr. and Mrs. Hall, rallied round her, and with the aid of skilful medical treatment she recovered, and was able to enjoy the pleasures of society again, and what she designated "the superfelicity of talking."

It was while still smarting under these unmerited reproaches and misfortunes that L. E. L. met Mr. George Maclean, governor of Cape Coast Castle, at the house of a mutual friend at Hampstead. He was the son of the Rev. James Maclean, of Urquhart, Elgin, and nephew to Lieutenant-General Sir John Maclean. He had performed the exploit, early in his life, of voyaging to Africa, and as this country had been the subject of much speculation to Miss Landon in her childhood, it gave them a topic of mutual interest to chat about, though they had little else in common, and their tastes and manners did not assimilate, she being, in society, bright, gay, voluble, he, like most Scotchmen, cold, reserved, and formal.

Unfortunately for her they met frequently, and his admiration for her brilliant manners and talents, and her respect for his zeal in the colony over which he presided, increased daily, and culminated in a proposal from him, which, to the astonishment of nearly every one, was accepted, for Mr. Maclean had shortly to resume his official appointment on the Gold Coast.

After the commencement of their engagement some extraordinary reports were circulated. It was asserted that he was already married, and that he had a native wife, the daughter of an African monarch, and several children, who were then occupants of the castle. It was also said that he was engaged to a lady in Scotland, which engagement he had withdrawn; and that she was in the act of sealing a farewell letter to him, when her dress caught fire and she was burned to death. There does not, however, seem to have been a solid foundation for these reports, and Mr. Maclean denied them, assuring her that "no matrimonial connection had ever existed; and no connection at all, that had not been terminated some considerable time before in a manner the most unequivocal and final." And so preparations for the wedding went on, and it took place on the 7th of June, 1838, at St. Mary's, Bryans-ton Square; the ceremony being performed by her brother, the Rev. W. H. Landon, the bride being given away by Sir Lytton Bulwer Lytton, afterwards Lord Lytton.

Mrs. Hall, writing of this marriage said:

"He was a man who neither knew, felt, nor estimated her value. He wedded her, I am sure, only because he was vain of her celebrity; and she him, because he enabled her to change her name, and to remove from that society in which, just then, the old and infamous slander had been revived. There was in this case, no love, no esteem, no respect, and there could have been no discharge of duty that was not thankless and irksome."

The marriage was kept a secret for a fortnight and then announced to friends generally, and on June 27th a farewell party was given by Mrs. Sheddon to some friends of hers at her house, Upper Berkeley Street, Connaught Square, on the eve of her departure on the fatal voyage. Mr. Hall was called upon to propose her health, and spoke in most glowing and admiring terms of the gifted poetess, wishing to convey to George Maclean's mind the "high respect as well as affection in which they regarded her." When Mr. Maclean rose to "return thanks" he merely said: "If Mrs. Maclean has as many friends as Mr. Hall says she has, I only wonder they allow her to leave them." The effect of these few chilling words may better be imagined than described. On the 5th of July, 1838, they sailed from Portsmouth for Cape Coast, in the ship Maclean, after an affecting parting between the poetess and her dearly-loved brother; and they reached Africa and landed on the 15th August.

Two months later, on the 15th October, 1838, she was dead!

Her death was a mysterious one, and will ever remain so. She died from poison, but how or by whom administered was never discovered.

She appeared from her letters to be happy at the castle, save and except for the solitude, which was oppressive. There was only one other European woman in the settlement, her attendant, Emily Bailey, and she saw little of her husband, who left her at seven in the morning and did not return until dinner-time, seven in the evening. A long spell of time for a woman, in a strange country, to get through alone.

Here are some extracts from her letters:

"At seven Mr. Maclean comes in from court—till then I never see a living creature, but the servants."

"The castle is a fine building, shaped like H, of which we occupy the middle. On three sides the batteries are washed by the sea, the fourth is a striking land view.

The hills are covered with what is called bush. It is like living in the 'Arabian Nights' looking out upon palm and cocoa-nut trees."

"The solitude here is very Robinson Crusoe-ish."

"I now ought to tell you how highly I hear Mr. Maclean spoken of in his public capacity on all sides, and I cannot but see his enthusiastic devotion to his duties."

"I rise at seven, breakfast at eight—give my orders—give out everything—flour, sugar, etc., from the store—see to which room I shall have cleaned, and then sit down to write—much interrupted by having to see to different things—till six—dress—walk in the verandah till dinner at seven. Mrs. Bailey, the person you saw at Portsmouth, is a most obliging, respectable person, but nothing of a servant."

"I have just had a beautiful little gazelle given me, no bigger than a kitten. As to the beds, the mattresses are so hard, they are like iron—the damp is very destructive—the dew is like rain, and there are no fireplaces; you would not believe it, but a grate would be the first of luxuries."

"Mr. Maclean expects me to cook, wash, iron, in short to do the work of a servant. He says he will never cease correcting me until he has broken my spirit, and complains of my temper, which you know was never, even under heavy trials, bad."

Dr. Madden, who visited the Gold Coast not long after the death of L. E. L. says: "The conviction left on my mind, by all the inquiries I had made (at Cape Coast) and the knowledge I had gained of the peculiarities of Mr. Maclean, was that the marriage of L. E. L. with him was ill-calculated to promote her happiness or secure her peace, and that Mr. Maclean, making no secret of his entire want of sympathy with her tastes, of repugnance for her pursuits, and eventually of entire indifference towards her, had rendered her exceedingly unhappy."

Poor woman! Whatever her matrimonial griefs they did not last long. On the morning of Monday, the 15th October, 1838, Mrs. Bailey, going to her room to deliver a letter, between eight and nine, found her lying on the floor, with an empty bottle in her hand labelled "Acid Hydrocyanicum Delatum, Pharm., Lond., 1836," quite senseless. She called for assistance, and carried her to the bed. But when the doctor came, his efforts to restore life were useless. Her heart ceased to beat soon after his arrival.

"The inference was that the deadly acid had been taken by the deceased, but not accidentally; that racked by many nameless griefs, beset with distracting fears of peril and accumulating trouble, she swallowed the fatal draught by design."

To this succeeded a report of a darker nature, and murder through revenge was whispered abroad, the bloodthirsty revenge of a woman, and that woman an African.

However, it was well known that she occasionally took a few drops of the medicine as a relief from spasms, and the most merciful view to take is, that she accidentally took more than she ought, or intended to, though the mystery that undoubtedly surrounds her sad death is one that will never be solved now.

She was buried by torchlight that same evening in the courtyard of the castle, while a pitiless torrent of rain fell, and a few mourners stood by. Thus Dr. Madden describes the grave of this gifted but unfortunate woman: "The spot that was chosen for the grave of this accomplished but unhappy lady could not be more inappropriate. A few common tiles distinguish it from the graves of the various military men who have perished in this stronghold of pestilence. Her grave is daily trampled over by the soldiers of the fort. The morning blast of the bugle and roll of the drum are the sounds that have been thought most in unison with the spirit of the gentle being who sleeps below the few red tiles where the soldiers on parade do congregate. There is not a plant, nor a blade of grass, nor anything green in that courtyard, on which the burning sun blazes down all day long. And this is the place where they have buried L. E. L."

A mural tablet, erected by Mr. Maclean, now marks the spot where she lies, and Mrs. Hemans sent a rose-tree, which was planted at the head of her grave. Still it is a sad spot for such a woman to lie in, and some prophetic power, some premonition, must have made her pen the following lines, though they were of another:—

Where my father's bones are lying,  
There my bones will never lie!

Mine shall be a lonelier ending,  
Mine shall be a wilder grave;  
Where the shout and shriek are blending,  
Where the tempest meets the wave.  
Or perhaps a fate more lonely,  
In some drear and distant ward,  
Where my weary eyes meet only  
Hired nurse and sullen guard.

Not with her "father's bones" does she lie. "She sleeps in the barren sands of Africa, and the mournful music of the billows, to which she listened in her solitary, sea-girt dwelling, is now the dirge that resounds over her distant grave."

Mr. Maclean survived his wife nearly nine years, dying at Cape Coast on the 28th May, 1847. He was not buried in the same grave with his luckless wife, but in another at her side.

From Murray's Magazine.

#### ESSAYS IN THE OBVIOUS.

IF you are just on the point of making a confidence, it is a good plan to pause before doing so to note the proportion between the times you have regretted giving a confidence and the times you have regretted withholding it. If, after this, you decide upon making your friend a confidant, you must have weighty reasons for thinking him worthy of it.

When a casual acquaintance makes confidences to you which you do not want, you may suspect that his motive is to invite your own.

It is a great deal easier to see alleviations, and to apply philosophical consolations, in the case of a friend's trouble than in our own. The one and only form of consolation which is universally true and applicable is that "it might be worse." There is no conceivable case so bad that this may not truly be said of it.

Sympathy is a blessed thing, but one of the direst aggravations of ill-health is the multitudinous advice of amateur physicians.

We are told that truth is the end of all art; but too much truth is not part of the best methods of the art of pleasing. If your host be a Liberal, you should not point out to him the mutability of party battle-cries. It is true that when last the Liberals were in power we were perpetually told that it was the duty of every citizen to bow to the sacred majority of the ballot-box, and that now that the ballot-box has decided against Home Rule the Radicals will not permit legislation until Home Rule passes. All this is true, but it would be contrary to the first principles of the art of pleasing to emphasize its truth before a Radical host. In some companies, however, you may treat Mr. Gladstone as you do the weather—abuse him for lack of another subject of conversation.



Similarly, if you sit beside a soldier, whose devoted breast is valorously decorated, it may occur to you that the account of one of the actions thus commemorated ran somewhat as follows: "We met with a stubborn and desperate resistance. Our troops behaved gallantly, and at length the enemy were repulsed. Losses on our side: a drummer boy of the 150th Regiment has a severe hole in his drum. Losses of the enemy: variously estimated at between one hundred and one thousand. The report of the action may have been somewhat like the above, but it would not be in accordance with the principles of the pleasing art for you to point out to the soldier the infinitely greater dangers of a day's covert shooting.

There are different ways of looking at things. For the tenant to decline to pay his rent is, probably, quite in accord with the greatest-happiness-of-the-greatest-number principle. It is true it is to the disadvantage of the landlord; but, on the other hand, it is to the obvious advantage of the tenant, as, also, of the professional patriot. Above all, the land trouble has been a boon to a large class of gentlemanly paupers who talk much of the hard times and the sorrows of landowners — though our sympathy might be far less severely taxed if we knew how little, in many cases, these landed proprietors have lost.

Society is composed, principally, of women and ladies. They call upon each other and bore each other fearfully, yet each would feel mortally injured if the other did not call.

The natural prey of man is woman, and of woman, man; but man has less leisure to pursue his natural instincts.

The appreciation in which a woman is held by the male sex gives a good index, on the inverse ratio method, of the estimation in which she is held by her own.

Nor, though husband and wife are one and indivisible, does it follow that the admirers of the one will be equally attached to the other. Politically speaking, England and Ireland stand to each other in a very similar relationship.

Intellect in woman is appreciated by man only in so far as it qualifies her to appreciate it in him.

No one knows a man so well as a woman who has ceased to be in love with him. Thus, wives know their husbands most intimately well.

In nothing is man's inferiority to woman so apparent to her as in the clumsiness of his methods of making love.

She is so very faithful in her own at-

tachments that she is unable to forgive change in man.

She can forgive man anything sooner than the impotence of her own fascination. The siren whose charm is resisted becomes a venomous snake.

Thus, though there is much human nature in man, it appears that there is more in woman.

Some have so charming a manner as to lead you to think that you are, for them, the only person of interest in the world. Observation of their way with others may make you modify your opinion of the manner which once seemed so charming.

Previous infidelities are most readily condoned by the person for whose sake the last was committed. Yet no one has more reason to mistrust you than the person for whose sake you have deceived another.

Our power of deceiving others depends greatly on our power of deceiving ourselves. It is having this gift highly developed that makes woman, and some statesmen, so dangerous.

A kind act has a longer life in the memory of the doer than of the recipient. Woman knows this well, and allows man many opportunities of impressing her in his memory. Ingratitude is the independence of the heart.

Wounded vanity is generally by far the largest factor in the agonies of disappointed love.

Woman's love of admiration is apt to vary inversely with her power of exciting it.

He is the worst enemy of a woman's reputation who seeks to defend it when he has not the right.

That which most endears woman to man is her willingness to sacrifice herself for his sake — and that which most endears man to woman is his refusal to accept the sacrifice.

It sometimes happens, though very rarely, that a woman's best friend is the man that is in love with her.

He who best knows women is seldom woman's best friend.

A knowledge that she has been nobly loved has saved many a woman from the temptations of ignoble love. It is the weakest natures, spurred by the impulse of the moment, that do the most desperate acts. In some dispositions it is the wish, in others the fear, that is the father of the thought.

A siren whom you have successfully resisted is seldom dangerous, in your own presence, when she is talking. It is when

she is silent that you should watch her — and yourself.

As many sirens as there are, so many are their ways of charming. There are assaults and there are sieges, open battles and ambuscades. The Platonic affection stalking-horse is one of the most frequent. There is ever danger present when a woman listens with patience to a man's talk about himself. Woman flatters man on the qualities by which she enslaves him. A woman never tells a man that his will is of iron, save when she is bending it to her own uses. Some are attracted by the simplicity of a character; but to many the difficulty of understanding a character constitutes its greatest, perhaps its only, charm, so that when once they have probed it, they throw it aside, as of no more interest.

Though in society it is useful to bear in mind the maxims of cynicism, it is indispensable to forget them in intercourse with friends.

True friendship can endure the truths of criticism, but they should be applied sparingly. Criticism is the grave of sympathy and the cradle of self-consciousness, and is, as a rule, unpalatable in direct proportion to its truth.

It takes a high degree of generosity to forgive a person who has placed us under an obligation. Also, forbear to set your friend on too high a pedestal lest you make him self-conscious of the feet of clay.

It is no good asking a favor of any one with whom you are on such terms of intimacy that he can refuse it without embarrassment.

The feelings which make most show on the surface are seldom summoned from great depths, and the truest sympathy is commonly the most silent.

Maxims which seem truisms in their application to the conduct of others are apt to escape us altogether in their bearing on our own.

There is a great element of consolation in the sight of sufferings greater than our own. The salt of life is to have some one to look down upon. If there are many high and mighty ones whom I envy, there are still many who are even more lowly than I. This is the reason of the unpopularity of the workhouse — that the pauper can scarce find anybody over whom he may triumph. Another name for this feeling is "divine discontent."

If we cannot make life happy, we may at all events make it interesting.

A great factor in human happiness is

an object in life which shall be both fairly definite and unattainable. The latter is a necessary condition of its permanence.

It is imagination, rather than reason, that distinguishes man from brute; and no person who is devoid of imagination can know extremes of happiness or misery. Happiness greatly depends on the faculty for forgetting.

No age is so old-fashioned as childhood. That childhood was happy may be one of the illusions which is fostered, if not engendered, by lapse of time. Of the happiness of second childhood there can be no question.

If you dislike games of cards it will greatly conduce to your comfort in society to announce that you are not able to play whist. Should you once yield, you have delivered yourself up as a potential martyr, should "a fourth" be required, until death releases you.

At the end of a game of chance it is curious how much more appears to have been lost than any one is ready to own to having won.

No one should play games who is incapable of concealing the fact that he has lost his temper. There once was a man who continued playing, in spite of this maxim, till he lost all his friends but one. Now he plays patience, and when things go badly, is for days not on speaking terms with that one — which is himself.

H. G. HUTCHINSON.

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From The Spectator.

#### SELBORNE AND WOLMER FOREST.

THE power of locality to form tastes, and its impotence to subdue character, are shown with curious completeness in the cases of Gilbert White and William Cobbett. The same district and the same soil — for Farnham is only twelve miles from Selborne, and both are lands of beech-hangers and hop-gardens, and both abut on sandy heaths — was the birth-place of the authors of the "History of Selborne" and the "Rural Rides." Each formed in youth such binding ties with the land and those that live by it, that he was impelled to revisit the old home and the old scenes, and each has left descriptions of them unmatched by art. But at this point the power of locality ended. White, the contemplative, returned from Oriel and Oxford to become of free will "a stationary man," to spend his days in secure enjoyment and observation of the district he

loved. Cobbett, when, after the third attempt, he had broken free from the ties of his father's farm at Farnham, returned only to look down from the hilltops on his native land, and then, after "blessing it altogether" in some of the finest descriptive English ever printed, rode back to London to bombard his enemies in the *Political Register*, and denounce Pitt and paper money. Sometimes the temptation came to him to abandon his warfare, not for a life of contemplation, like White's but for one of rural progress and business success, the secret of which none knew better than Cobbett; and some such thought was probably in his mind when he remarked, on his visit to Selborne that "people ought to be happy there, for that God had done everything for them." But the memory of private wrongs and hope of public reforms thrust the thought aside. "The delight of seeing Prosperity Robinson hang his head for shame! the delight of beholding the tormenting embarrassments of those who have so long retained crowds of base miscreants to revile me! . . . Shall Sidmouth then never again hear of his 'Power of Imprisonment Bill,' his 'Circular,' his 'Letter of Thanks to the Manchester Yeomanry?' I really jumped up when the thought came across my mind, and without thinking of breakfast, said, 'Go, George, saddle the horses,' for it seemed to me that I had been meditating some crime!"

Selborne to-day is little changed since Cobbett visited it after a reader of his paper had sent him White's book; and the village itself can scarcely have altered since White wrote, except that his house has been enlarged, and there is a new rectory. To a visitor the first impressions of the village are perhaps disappointing, though the lofty beech-covered hill above it, and the romantic glen called the Leith, below the church, bear out all that has been written of them. The one striking feature of the place is the position of the church, on a promontory jutting out into this Leith valley, looking from which the square tower stands like some small fortress closing the steep and narrow glen, backed by the great beech wood of Selborne Hill. The ancient yew-tree in the churchyard still flourishes, and the interior of the church, with its double row of massive pillars, has all the dignity which Norman or very early English architects knew how to give to buildings, however small, and the monuments and fabric show every sign of decent and reverent care. Still, the features of Selborne itself are hardly

such as might be expected to inspire a classic.

Wolmer Forest, on the other hand, three-fifths of which lie in the parish of Selborne, is a strangely fascinating region, containing some of the wildest scenery of the South, full of strange birds and rare plants and insects, and improved, rather than lessened in natural beauty, since it afforded White "much entertainment both as a sportsman and a naturalist." In his day it "consisted entirely of sand covered with heath and fern, without having one standing tree in its whole extent," but was studded with large meres and marshes. Now the waters have shrunk; but much of the forest is covered with plantations of pine, and even of oak. The fir-plantations were made by Cobbett's enemy, "the smooth Mr. Huskisson," and formed the text for a ferocious attack on him as commissioner of woods and forests; but though the price now fetched by the wood bears out the economical side of Cobbett's criticism, the trees add much to the beauty and character of the forest. "This lovely domain," says Gilbert White, "is an agreeable haunt for many sorts of wild fowls, which not only frequent it in winter, but breed there in summer,—such as lapwings, snipes, wild ducks, and as I have discovered within these last few years, teal." During a spring walk in the forest, it was the writer's fortune to find the nest of every bird which White mentions as breeding there, except that of the black grouse, which, though introduced for a time, has become nearly as rare as in his days. At the northern end of the forest, near Walldon Hill, is a marsh, not a mere swamp in the peats, but such a marsh as hunted outlaws may have sheltered in, over which the flame of the will-o'-the-wisp may still dance on summer nights; a wide sheet of black water, with dead, white limbs of drowned trees standing out from it, and winding labyrinths of dwarf alders covered with wet mosses and hanging lichens, and mats of bright green grass so firmly tangled that a boy can walk on them, and outside these quaking platforms thick beds of reed. This is the home and nursery of the wild fowl of the forest, where duck and teal, dabchicks and waterhens, bring up their young broods till the helpless time of flapperhood is over. But the ducks and teal do not nest in the marsh; and we found White's observations exactly true, the teal nesting at a considerable distance from the water, and the wild ducks in some of the furthest and driest parts of the forest. About a hun-

dred yards from the marsh was a teal's nest. She had hatched her young the day before, but two eggs remained, of a pale ivory color, and the nest, which was placed in deep heather under a seedling fir, was beautifully made of moss and speckled down from the birds' breasts, which exactly matched in color the lichen-covered heather. Had we risen at daybreak, we might perhaps have met the bird taking her tiny brood down to the water. A wild duck's nest was found on a steep, heather-clad hill quite a mile from the water. There are few more difficult nests to find than that of a wild duck on a heath. But in this case a single breast feather gave the clue needed, and after careful search a track was found winding among the heather-stems to a thick patch under the overhanging boughs of a young pine, beneath which was the nest. The eggs had been hatched for some time, and all the broken shells were buried beneath a layer of down. In a wet hollow near the outskirts of the forest, was a snipe's nest. These birds are far less common there than formerly, owing, it is said, to the turf being no longer cut for fuel, so that there is less fresh ground exposed for them to feed upon. The nest was simply a round hollow in a wet tussock; but when their brood is hatched, the snipes are said to be most affectionate parents. This particular pair are said to have nested in the same place last year. Some men employed to dig sand close by, were surprised to see a snipe fly up, which, after showing great unwillingness to quit the spot, perched on a rail about four yards off — a most unusual thing for a snipe to do — and remained watching them. Soon after, they discovered at the bottom of the pit four very young snipes lying together, which they took up and laid upon the level ground, whence they were soon called away by the mother bird into the rough grass near.

Plovers nest on the swamps and rough hillsides; and there are a fair number of wild pheasants and partridges on the sides of the forest. Squirrels swarm in the pine-trees, and live on the seeds of the cones. But perhaps the most interesting colony in the forest is the heronry. Perhaps this is a recent settlement, for Gilbert White does not speak of it. The nests are in a plantation of tall pines in the very heart of the forest, where one or two small brooks, deeply tinged with iron deposits, flow through the wood. The trees are so tall as to be inaccessible to the climber; and as the great birds launch themselves from their nests, and sail round

with harsh cries above the tree-tops, the visitor might well imagine himself back in some bygone forest era. The trees on which the nests are placed are covered by a thick green lichen, and are readily distinguishable from the rest. One rare bird which haunts the forest has been almost destroyed by the severe winter — the Dartford warbler — and great numbers of woodpeckers also died. But in the ring of lofty firs which caps the hill above the pool of Holy Water, there are a number of their nests, or rather, the holes drilled in successive years by the one or two pairs which annually haunt the spot. One of these had been robbed in the early morning by the squirrels, which had sucked the eggs, and flung the shells upon the ground. Higher up in the firs were the nests of carrion-crows and hawks, robber birds which haunt this lofty eyrie, and, soaring round the hill or perched on the dead branches of the trees, keep a watchful eye upon the forest for miles around.

Wolmer Forest is a good instance of a government property managed with good sense and good taste. The forest fires, of which Gilbert White speaks, are now kept in check, and the wild life of the district is just sufficiently preserved to give that additional interest to woodland scenery from the absence of which the forests of France so greatly suffer. If the origin of the sentiment which so preserves these creatures be sought, it would perhaps be found in the writings of Gilbert White, of Selborne.

From The Speaker.

#### AN EGG-STEALER.

IT wanted less than an hour to high tide when Miss Marty Lear heard her brother's boat grate on the narrow beach below the garden, and set the knives and glasses straight while she listened for the rattle of the garden gate.

A stunted line of hazel ran along the foot of the garden and prevented all view of the landing-place from the kitchen window. But above the hazels one could look across to the fruit-growing village of St. Kits; and catch a glimpse, at high tide, of the intervening river, or, towards low water, of the mud-banks shining in the sun.

It was Miss Lear's custom to look much on this landscape from this window; had, in fact, been her custom for close upon

forty years. And this evening, when the latch clicked at length, and her brother in his market suit came slouching up the path that broke the parallels of garden stuff, her gaze rested all the while upon the line of grey water above and beyond his respectable hat.

Nor, when he entered the kitchen and hitched this hat upon the peg against the wall — where its brim accurately fitted a sort of dull halo in the whitewash — did he appear to want any welcome from her. He was a long-jawed man of sixty-five, she a long-jawed woman of sixty-one; and they understood each other, having kept this small and desolate farm together for twenty years — that is, since their father's death.

There was a cold pasty ready on the table, and the jug of cider that Job Lear regularly emptied at supper. These suggested no questions, and the pair sat down to eat in silence.

It was only while holding his plate for a second helping of the pasty that Job spoke with a full mouth.

"Who d'ye reckon I ran against to-day, down in Troy?"

Miss Marty cut the slice without troubling to say that she had not an idea.

"Why, that fellow Amos Trudgeon," he went on.

"Yes?"

"'Pears to me you disremembers en — son of old Jane Trudgeon that used to live 'cross the water; him that stole our eggs, long back, when father was livin'."

"I remember."

"I thought you must. Why, you gave evidence, to be sure. Be dashed! now I come to mind, if you wasn' the first to wake us up an' say you heard a man cryin' out, down 'pon the mud."

"Iss, I was."

"An' saved his life, though you did get en two months in gaol by it. Up to arm-pits, he was, an' not two minutes to live, when we hauled en out an', wonderin' what he could be doin' there, found he'd been stealin' our eggs. He inquired after you, to-day."

"Did he?"

"Iss, 'How's Miss Marty,' says he. 'Agein' rapidly,' says I. The nerve that some folks have! Comes up to me cool as my lord and holds out his hand. He've a-grown into a sort of commercial, — stomach like a bow-window, with a watch-guard looped across. I'd a mind to say 'Eggs' to en, it so annoyed me; but I hadn' the heart. 'Tis an old tale after all, that feat o' his."

"Two an' forty year, come seventeenth o' July next. Did he say any more?"

"Said the barometer was risin', but too fast to put faith in."

"I mean — did he ask any more about me?"

"Iss — wanted to know if you was married."

"Oh, my dear God!"

Job laid down knife and fork with the edges resting on his plate, and with a lump of pasty in one cheek, looked at his sister. Before he could speak, she broke out again, —

"He was my lover."

"Mar — ty —"

"I swear to you, Job — here across this table — he was my lover; an' I ruined en. He was the only man, 'cept you and father, that ever kissed me; an' I betrayed en. As the Lord liveth, I stood in the box an' swore away his name to save mine. An' what's more, he made me."

"Mar —"

"Don't hinder me, Job — it's truth I'm tellin' ee. His people were a low lot, an' father'd have hid me if he'd known. But we used to meet in the orchard, 'most every night. Amos'd row across in his boat, an' back agen. For the Lord's sake, brother, don't look so. I'm past sixty, an' no harm done; an' now evil an' good's the same to me."

"Go on."

"Well, the last night he came over, 'twas low tide. I was waitin' for en in the orchard; an' he would have me tell father and you, and I wouldn'. I reckon we quarrelled over it so long, his boat got left high in the mud. Anyway, he left me in wrath an' I stood there by the gate in the dark, longin' for en to come back an' make friends afore he went. But the time went on an' I didn' hear his footstep — no, nor his oars pullin' away — though listenin' with all my ears."

"An' then I heard a terrible sound — a low sort of breathin' but fierce, an' something worse, a suck-suckin' of the mud below; an' ran down. There he was, above his knees in it, half-way between firm ground and his boat. For all his fightin' he heard me, and whispers out o' the dark, —

"'Little girl, it's got me. Hush! don't shout or they'll catch you.'"

"'Can't you get out?' I whispered back."

"'No, I'm afraid.'"

"'I'll run an' call father an' Job.'"

"'Hush! Be you mazed? Do you want to let 'em know?'"

"'But it'll kill you, dear, won't it?'"



"Likely it will," said he. Then after a while of battlin' with it, he whispers agen, 'Little girl, I don't want to die. Death is a cold end. But I reckon we can manage to save me an' your name as well. Run up to the hen-house an' bring me as many eggs as you can find — and don't ax questions. Be quick; I can keep up for a while.'

"I didn' know what he meant, but ran up for my life. I could tell pretty well how to find a dozen or more in the dark, by gropin' about; an' in three minutes had gathered 'em in the lap o' my dress, and run down agen. I could just spy him — a dark blot out on the mud.

"How many?" he asked; an' his voice came hoarse as a rook's.

"About a dozen."

"Toss 'em here. Don't come too near; an' shy careful, so's I can catch. Quick!"

"I stepped down pretty near to the brim o' the mud an' tossed 'em out to him.

Three fell short in my hurry, but the rest he got hold of, somehow.

"That's right. They'll think egg-stealin' nateral to a low family like our'n. Now back to your room — undress — an' cry out, sayin' there's a man shoutin' for help down 'pon the mud. When you wave your candle twice i' the window I'll shout like a Trojan."

"An' I did it, Job; for the cruelty in a fearful woman passes knowledge. An' you rescued en, an' he went to gaol. For he said 'twas the only way. An' his mother took it as quite reas'nable that her husband's son should take to the bad — 'twas the way of all the Trudgeons. Father to son, they was of no account. Egg-stealin' was just the sort o' little wickedness that ought to come nateral to 'em.

"You needn't look at me like that. I'm past sixty, an' I've done my share of repentin'." He didn' say if he was married, did he?"

Q.

**STRYCHNINE AN ANTIDOTE TO SNAKE-POISON.** — Dr. Mueller, of Victoria, in an interesting letter addressed to Lord Lansdowne, governor-general of India, claims to have discovered the secret of snake-poisoning. Dr. Mueller's theory is that snake-poison suspends the action of the motor and vaso-motor nerve-centres. It is merely a dynamic action, and does not destroy tissue. It follows almost as a matter of course that the proper antidote is something that stimulates and increases the functional activity of these nerve-centres. And this remedy is strychnine. "It is applied," he writes, "by subcutaneous injections of ten to twenty minims of the liquor strychnine and continued every fifteen minutes until the paralyzing effect of the snake venom on the motor and vaso-motor nerve-cell are removed and slight strychnia symptoms supervene. The quantity of the drug required for this purpose depends on the amount of venom imparted by the snake, and may after the bite of a vigorous cobra amount to a grain or more, since more than half a grain has been found necessary to neutralize the effects of the bite of the tiger-snake, a reptile much resembling the cobra in appearance but not imparting nearly as much venom. Strychnine and snake-poison being antagonistic in their action, I have found invariably that large doses of strychnine produced no toxic effects in the presence of snake-poison, until the action of the latter is completely

suspended. These effects in their initial stage, manifested by slight muscular spasms, are patent to any ordinary observer, and perfectly harmless. They pass off quickly, and are an unfailing signal that the antidote is no longer required and the patient out of danger. Though fully aware of the unfavorable results of experiments with the drug on dogs made at Calcutta and London as well as in Australia, I was nevertheless so fully convinced of the correctness of my theory that I administered the antidote fearlessly to persons suffering from snake-bite, to a few at the very point of death, with pulse at wrists and respiration already suspended, and in every instance with the most gratifying success. This success has been equally marked in the practice of other medical men in nearly all parts of Australia, more especially in Queensland, where the most venomous of our snakes are met with. Owing to the general adoption of my method, deaths from snake-bite are now events of the past in Australia, and occur in rare instances, where from ignorance, neglect, or the impossibility of procuring the antidote in time it is not applied." It is quite possible of course that, although the remedy invariably succeeds in case of snake-bites in Australia, it may not be equally potent against our more deadly cobra and krait. Nevertheless it is well worth trying, and we hope that experiments with it will be made in India.

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